

at 0
April 25 cents

The American Mercury



CORDELL HULL: THE VANISHING AMERICAN

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

INVESTIGATE THE ARMY!

By Oswald Garrison Villard

Stalin Over California	Rena M. Vale
Common-Law Wives	Anthony M. Turano
Behind Poland's Defeat	Mieczyslaw M. Nowinski
Broadway Goes Slapstick	Michel MoK
Portrait of a Yankee Town	Jonathan Daniels
Credo of an Individualist	William Henry Chamberlin
I Am a Court Stenographer	Margaret Searle
The Creative Urge. A Story	James Ramsey Ullman
The Federal Food-Stamp Plan	Don Wharton
What Are the Brain Waves Saying?	Dorothy Miller & Herbert Solow
Caldwell Lynches Two Negroes	Burton Rascoe
Mrs. Roosevelt's Youth Congress	Eugene Lyons
Kit Carson	Stewart H. Holbrook
Intestinal Parasites	Alan Devoe

BOOKS

AMERICANA

OPEN FORUM

POETRY



THE STORY OF STEENSTRUP

IN 1901 a young Danish toolmaker began work in the General Electric shops in Schenectady. One day he hit on an idea for making a machine safer and more efficient. The boss had his doubts, but Chris Steenstrup proved his idea would work. Today, beloved by his fellow engineers, with 110 patents to his credit, Chris is still looking for ways to improve things.

Chris welcomes tough engineering assignments. For instance, he solved one of the toughest problems in the building of Dr. Alexanderson's great radio alternators which made possible radio communication with Europe during the World War. Back when there were very few domestic electric refrigerators in the country, Chris got the job of devising a long-lived

and efficient refrigerator. After months of work he designed a mechanism that ushered in a new era in American living. For from it General Electric developed the first sealed-in-steel refrigerator mechanism—the principle that has helped bring the comforts of electric refrigeration to 14 million American families.

Chris Steenstrup's contributions to more comfortable living are typical of the hundreds made by General Electric men and women. For years they have been putting electricity to work in the home and in industry, helping to make all manufactured products more plentiful and less expensive, enriching our lives—providing More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FINE
NEW
FICTION

Mother of the Smiths

By **LORRAINE CARR**

A novel filled with warmth and gallantry,
and wholesome, earthy humor; the story of
a woman who lived life to the full. \$2.50

Haw Green Was My Valley

By **RICHARD LLEWELLYN**

"If I live the century out, I shall not forget
his valley. His Welshmen will live while we
can read."—Chicago News \$2.75

Follow the Drinking Gourd

By **FRANCES GAITHER**

"This first novel is notable for its accuracy
of detail, excellent writing, convincing
atmosphere."—Herschel Brickell \$2.50

The Swan of Usk

By **HELEN ASHTON**

A novel based on the life of Henry Vaughan,
soldier, physician and mystic poet who
flourished in the time of Charles I. \$2.50

at any bookstore

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
XLIX

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
196

April, 1940

Cordell Hull: The Vanishing American.....	Benjamin Stolberg	391
Behind Poland's Defeat.....	Mieczyslaw M. Nowinski	400
Common-Law Wives.....	Anthony M. Turano	405
Stalin Over California.....	Rena M. Vale	412
What Are the Brain Waves Saying?.....	Dorothy Miller and Herbert Solow	421
Investigate the Army!.....	Oswald Garrison Villard	427
I Am a Court Stenographer.....	Margaret Searle	435
Portrait of a Yankee Town.....	Jonathan Daniels	440
The Creative Urge, <i>A Story</i>	James Ramsey Ullman	450
Broadway Goes Slapstick.....	Michel Mok	456
Credo of an Individualist.....	William Henry Chamberlin	462
Lunacy Marches On!.....		469
Kit Carson.....	Stewart H. Holbrook	470
The Federal Food-Stamp Plan.....	Don Wharton	474
THE STATE OF THE UNION:		
Mrs. Roosevelt's Youth Congress.....	Eugene Lyons	481
AMERICANA.....		485
DOWN TO EARTH:		
Intestinal Parasites.....	Alan Devoc	487
POETRY:		
I. Airplane at Sunset.....	Louis J. Sanker	491
II. Words.....	Louise Owen	491
III. Trust Not.....	Ezra Goodman	492
<i>Other Verse by Dorothy Livingston Ulrich, S. Blessing Frauman, Paul Eldridge, Harry Kemp, and W. E. Farbstein</i>		
THE LIBRARY:		
Caldwell Lynches Two Negroes.....	Burton Rascoc	493
THE CHECK LIST.....		499
OPEN FORUM.....		502
CONTRIBUTORS.....		506
INDEX.....		507
RECORDED MUSIC.....		510

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1940, by The American

Mercury, Inc. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. All rights reserved. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Publisher*

Eugene Lyons, *Editor*

Suzanne La Follette *Managing Editor*; Mildred Falk *Associate Editor*; J. W. Ferman *Business Manager*

*Just
Published* **BETHEL
MERRIDAY**

A Novel of the Young Girl on the Stage

by SINCLAIR LEWIS

Sinclair Lewis knows the stage from that merciless, thorough, inspired observation which is one of his special gifts. His **BETHEL MERRIDAY** is not tinsel-and-glitter fiction, but the slow process—urged on by burning hope—by which a stage-struck girl becomes a real Troupier. It is honest and American and wise.— his greatest work since **ARROWSMITH**. *Don't miss it.* **\$2.50**

*The great non-fiction best-seller that's causing
nation-wide gales of laughter . . . and no wonder!*

A myth-smashing, mirth-splashing book by Oscar
Levant, the irrepressible music encyclopedia of
"Information, Please!" 43rd thousand. **\$2.00**

**OSCAR LEVANT'S A SMATTERING
OF IGNORANCE**



Coming April 5th

THE BOOK THAT'S GOING TO
MAKE THIS AN ENCHANTED APRIL

MR. SKEFFINGTON
by ELIZABETH

The story of the greatest beauty in England, who wondered what life would have been like, married to one of those other beaux . . . and decided to find out. A peerless portrait of the feminine mind, by the author of **THE ENCHANTED APRIL**. *Book-of-the-Month-Club Selection.* **\$2.50**

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

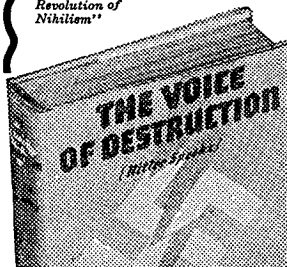
"IT OUTDOES 'THE REVOLUTION OF NIHILISM'"

Hitler's secret policies and plans reported verbatim! — by the one man in Hitler's inner circle who couldn't be silenced. "Cold-blooded revelation of an amazing human being..." illuminates the heart and soul of Hitler.
— *William Allen White.*

THE VOICE OF DESTRUCTION

by Hermann Rauschning

author of "The
Revolution of
Nihilism"



*"A behind-the-scenes
M E I N
KAMPF...
it outdoes
"The Revolu-
tion of
Nihilism."
Charles Lee,
Bost. Herald

All
bookstores
\$2.75
PUTNAM

The LITERARY BAZAAR

GENERAL

NEW CONTACTS

Through our PERSONAL SERVICE dedicated to the promotion of friendships. Discriminating clientele. Vast New York City membership. Personal interviews. Write or telephone.

Grace Bowes, Director

AMERICAN SERVICE

3140-AM Godwin Terrace, New York City
TELEPHONE KINGSBRIDGE 6-2921

THE LITERARY BAZAAR places before you its large and wealthy collectors' market. Announce your first editions, your rarities, your literary services, your stamps, prints and coins in this section. A half-inch advertisement (about 40 words) now costs only \$5.00 — and on a twelve time order only \$4.00. Write Dept. LB 4, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

Social Correspondence Club

EXPERIENCE the thrill of romance thru this select club! Introductions-by-letter. This club is conducted to help lonely, refined men and women find compatible friends. Discreet, confidential service... Nationwide membership. Established 1922... Sealed particulars FREE. EVAN MOORE, Box 988, Jacksonville, Florida.

The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT
Stories, Novels, Books Sold. Our clients on Best Seller Lists and in national periodicals. Fiction, non-fiction writers advised, promoted. Unknown authors assisted. Highly recommended aid for revision and publication. Information on request. 49 West 42d St., New York.

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 21 YEARS

Novels, short stories, books, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts marketed. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in handling hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write now for information regarding our resultful service. WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave. at 51st, N. Y. C.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied; also family and town histories, magazine back numbers, etc. All subjects, all languages. Send us your list of wants — no obligation. We report promptly. Lowest prices. (We Also Buy Old Books and Magazines.)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 W. 48th Street Dept. M New York

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation. THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS, Station O, Box 22, N. Y. C.

RARE COINS

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News and feature articles on coins, medals and paper money. Six month trial subscription \$1.50. Sample copy 30c. Write for circular. American Numismatic Association, 99 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GENERAL

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page
catalogue free.
Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

SOCIAL CONTACTS made thru our personal attention. This is but another mode of making congenial acquaintances. Discriminating clientele. Send for Free particulars.

SOCIAL CIRCLE REGISTER

Box 855 St. Louis, Mo.

EUGENE LYONS

*has written the biography
you have been waiting for!*

EUGENE LYONS is the one man in America today who could write this astounding book on Stalin and his Russia! For six years the author and well-known radio commentator served as foreign correspondent in Moscow. He was the first man to be granted a personal interview with Stalin.

His remarkable life story of the ruthless "man of steel" carries a ring of authenticity and a flavor of personal experience that lends added interest to every page.

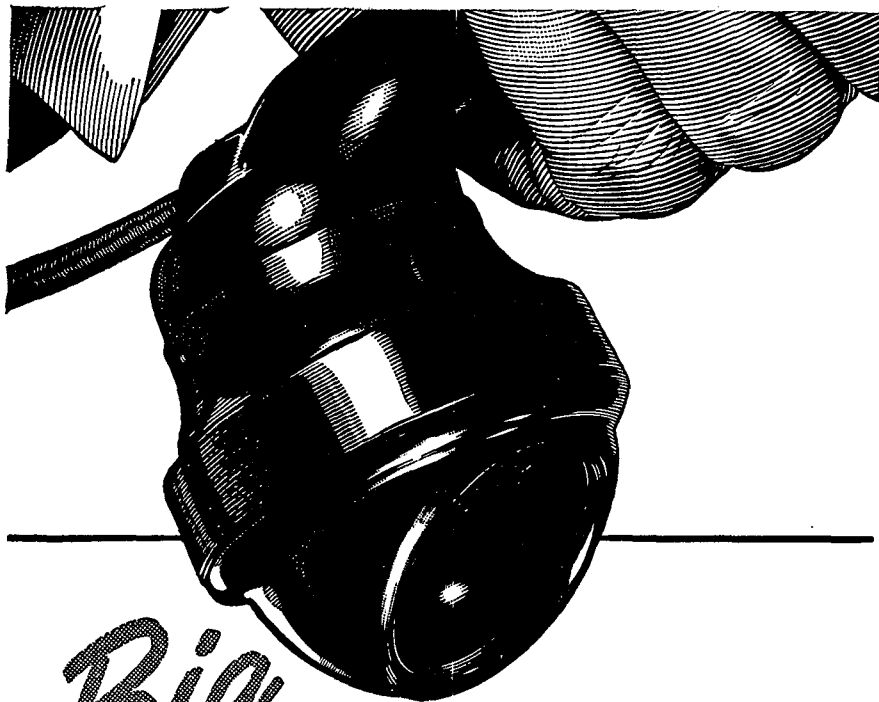
You owe it to yourself to read this book because Stalin is the most important individual in the world today, the man on whom, in the final analysis, the balance of world power depends. You should read this book also because Stalin is the leader of a strange new faith called Communism—a new religion, without a god and without an ethical system, that is infesting the minds of thousands of American youths. Here, indeed, is a warning for all thoughtful Americans. 8 illustrations. *All bookstores, \$2.50*

STALIN

Czar of All the Russias

By EUGENE LYONS

Published by the
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
Philadelphia



Big

enough for the job

We live in a big country and it takes a big telephone company to give good service to millions of people. The Bell System is doing its part in providing for the nation's telephone needs, whatever they may be.

But the Bell System aims to be big in more ways than mere size. It aims to be big in the conduct of its business, in its relations with employees and its plans for the future. All of this helps to give the nation quick, dependable, courteous telephone service at low cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



The American MERCURY

CORDELL HULL: THE VANISHING AMERICAN

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

THE typical American is today as rare as the Indian. This Republic is too vast, too complex, too sectional and too contradictory to produce a national type. A cattle man in Oklahoma, an Oregon wheat-farmer, a Georgia cracker, a Boston Brahmin, a Columbia professor, a Detroit gangster are Americans all, to a Chinese visitor who can't tell them apart. On the surface we are much alike. We go to the same movies, listen to the same broadcasts, read the same national magazines, are swept by the same crazes. But under the surface are deep regional differences. Moreover, in this age of revolutionary upheaval, American life is losing its traditional continuity. Just stop

and think of Babbitt, his father and his son. Babbitt's father was born before the Civil War, grew to manhood in Reconstruction days, faced old age when Teddy Barnum Roosevelt was at his best. Babbitt himself sold Liberty bonds, lived in the fool's paradise of permanent prosperity, idolized Calvin Coolidge. Young Babbitt today is perhaps a member of the American Youth Congress, who hissed another Roosevelt for calling Russia a dictatorship and who thinks that democracy is a "bourgeois prejudice."

Yet now and then one does run into a genuine American in the traditional sense. It is in this sense, which is indefinable but unmistak-

able, that Cordell Hull is a genuine American. Of course, he is not "typical." He is almost aboriginal, and his kind is rapidly vanishing.

Hull comes from the land of Chickamauga, of coon hunts, of Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, river boats, Muscle Shoals, Look-out Mountain; the land of the great frontier border leaders — Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Lincoln, Andrew Johnson. In this historic borderland, which begins at the Northern rim of the Carolinas and stretches through Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Indiana, Illinois, the frontier tradition lasted longer than in any other part of the country — long enough to integrate a social order which gave us our characteristic national outlook. None of these border leaders came from the old slave-holding aristocracy or the rising merchant class. They all came from the frontier yeomanry, from families which had either prospered moderately or had skidded down into the abject and illiterate poverty of "white trash." In short, they represented the only social phenomenon which is distinctly American: the rise of the Common Man and his folk-democracy.

It is this tradition which gives Hull the characteristic folk outlook of the frontier and above all the

characteristic personal traits which it developed. Without intimating any analogy with the genius of Lincoln, one may say that Hull's similarity to him as a social type is amazing. First there is the close analogy in political experience. Hull was a circuit judge in a backwoods community. Lincoln was a peripatetic lawyer following the circuit in a community very similar, given the difference in time. Both were young state legislators. Both were volunteer captains in wars with which they had no great sympathy — Lincoln against Mexico, Hull against Spain. Both went into "lawin'" without much success, being politicians at heart. And neither of them had to learn politics any more than a duckling learns swimming. They were born to it — the politics of interminable discussions of a frontier democracy: of the county court house and hotel lobby, of the country store and the small town newspaper. Politically Hull is especially Lincolnesque: crafty, devious, infinitely patient, always principled, courageous only when necessary but then fearless. His is not the cheap craftiness of the ward heeler. It is the craftiness of the frontier democrat who is deeply suspicious of the human animal, without moral indignation and without cynicism.

The best of these border statesmen based their democracy not on the sentimental belief that all men are equally good, but on the shrewd perception that most men's motives are equally ulterior and that they have to be protected from one another by the democratic process. Perhaps it is this insight which gives some of them that look of infinite sadness and long-suffering patience which screens their caginess so deceptively. This look of frontier *Weltschmerz* — as characteristic of Hull as it was of Lincoln — endows them with an enormous advantage in all dealings from politics to poker. Hull always looks at you as though he is ready to forgive and forget the shenanigans you have no intention of pulling. "Hull," said Frank Rice, his closest friend during the Spanish-American war, "had one great advantage in a poker game. He could look sad and beautiful and humble while he had four of a kind, timidly and carefully betting against other people's full houses." When Captain Hull returned from Cuba he had \$6300, three-fourths of all the money in the Fourth Tennessee. Thirty-five years later Dr. Raymond Moley ran up against the same deceptive meekness in a political poker game with the Secretary of State.

II

Cordell Hull was born on October 2, 1871, in Overton (now Pickett) County in middle Tennessee. He is of Scotch-Irish stock, with some English on his father's side, and a strain of Cherokee on his mother's. His father, William Hull, was a little fellow with a hair-trigger temper, a perfect shot, full of colorful excitement and hard work. When Billy Hull had saved his first thousand dollars, he bought some woodland and called it Wolf River Farm. He became a timber man, cutting logs and rafting them down the Obey River to Nashville. Elizabeth Riley Hull, the Secretary's mother, was a typical frontier woman who combined the native intelligence of Nancy Hanks with the sweet temper of Rachel Jackson. There were five sons: Orestes, Sanadius Selwin, Cordell, Wyoming, and Roy. Cordell was the steadiest of the lot. His father once said, "Cord was always like a grown man from the time he could walk." Sanadius Selwin, Nade for short, is still living in San Antonio, where he has a petty government job. He was known as the "gamblin' Hull," having supposedly lost \$30,000 of his "pappy's" money in crackpot business ventures. Finally, the story goes, Cordell put a stop to it.

"Why don't you git out," he said, "instead of devilin' Pap to death?" And for \$500 Nade obliged. Today Nade is proud of his brother not because he is Secretary of State, but because he could raft logs and work the farm from sunrise to sundown. "Hard work was always Cord's specialty," Nade says. The Secretary of State still puts in a fourteen-hour day.

The Hull boys went to Montvale Academy. From there Cordell went one winter to the National Normal University in Lebanon, Ohio, and then for ten months to the Cumberland University Law School in Lebanon, Tennessee, run by the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. A full-fledged bachelor of law at nineteen, he was admitted to the bar before he was twenty. In short, Hull is a self-taught man. Like most self-taught men he is not widely cultivated. But his native intelligence and tireless industry have made him a very learned man in his chosen field of economics. He also has the self-taught man's advantage of not being overawed by authority. In time he became a leading expert on taxation and the tariff. He is one of the few real scholars in this Administration.

After practising law for a couple of years in Celina, Tennessee, Hull was elected to the State Legisla-

ture, where he remained until the Spanish-American War. Then he recruited a company of mountaineers from around Celina, and joined the Fourth Tennessee Regiment as a Captain. But his fame as a military man did not rest on his martial exploits — the Fourth Tennessee got to Cuba too late to fight — but on his poker-playing and "a command of language which was the envy of all the sergeants in Cuba." The Secretary of State is still one of the most fluent private cussers in public life, specializing in original expletives and alliterative combinations.

In 1903 Hull became Circuit Judge, with headquarters in Carthage, Tennessee. The district was primitive, without a railroad in six of its eleven counties. His administration of justice was impartial, full of common sense wrapped in dull legal terminology. Once he fined his "pappy" five dollars for sitting in court with his hat on. He still likes to be called "Judge" by his friends. In 1907 Hull went to Congress from the Fourth Tennessee District, and began one of the most distinguished Congressional careers in American history. He served in the lower House, except for one term, until 1930, when he went to the Senate. His one defeat was in 1920, due partly to the

Harding landslide but mainly to neglect of his constituency in his absorption with the tariff question.

For eighteen years Hull was a member of the powerful Ways and Means Committee; and he was really the leader in the House of President Wilson's progressive economic program. He first came to national attention as the author of the Federal Income Tax Bill of 1913 and the Revised Act of 1916. He was also the author of the Federal and State Inheritance Tax Law of 1916. All these acts were rudimentary — really only revenue measures to compensate for the tariff-reductions of the Underwood Act. Still, it was the first effort to provide revenue by direct taxation of wealth rather than by indirect taxation of the consumer. Above all, Hull became the great foe of protectionism. He has been leading this struggle for a quarter of a century. In this he is, of course, the traditional spokesman of the Cotton South. But his attitude on the tariff, as on all economic questions, is that of a national progressive rather than of a Southern sectionalist. Labor has always been for him. On the seven occasions when he voted against measures sponsored by labor, his vote was determined, according to the AFL, by his belief in States' Rights.

Hull has developed his original conception of tariff-reform into a philosophy of international relations which today determines his foreign policy. He is at heart a Jeffersonian free-trader in a contradictory world of increasing commercial rivalry, autarchy, and chaos. To complicate the picture, we are a creditor nation on a scale undreamed of by Thomas Jefferson. As such, we must somehow find a way for our debtors to pay us in goods. Hence Hull's program of whittling down trade barriers "heah, theah, and ever'wheah."

III

Five hours after his inauguration, President Roosevelt swore in Cordell Hull as Secretary of State. The country was in chaos; the banks were closed, business was at a standstill, the capitalist system seemed to be in a state of gay dissolution. The brain-trusters were riding high. Most of them were consciously high-brow and "brilliant," irresponsibly "experimental," dazzled by their sudden eminence. But a majority, then as now, were of that arrested intellectual type, the Young Man of Forty, brightly stupid, ambitious, excited amateurs in politics and arrogant dilettantes in economics. To them Hull was an

old Congressional dodo, slightly daffy on the matter of international trade agreements, a backwoodsman who had belatedly discovered the *laissez faire* capitalism of Adam Smith in a world of "social planning." They had lots of fun at the expense of the "good gray Secretary," the Honorable Mr. Milquet-toast at the State Department rookery who "didn't know what it was all about" and would soon suffer the fate of Robert Lansing. In retrospect this evaluation of Hull by the political playboys is exceedingly funny. Today Hull is the most respected figure in Washington, respected for his staying power, his simple dignity, his strength of character, and his intellectual integrity. Even Corcoran and Cohen, the present end-men of the New Deal, may have to get out and hustle for Hull if Roosevelt decides not to run.

Hull is in the New Deal but not of it. When a friend once tried to draw him out on it he said, "I 'tend to mah int'national affairs." His caution in refusing to commit himself sometimes reaches fantastic lengths. At his press conferences he has developed to a fine point the art of saying nothing elaborately:

That situation is complicated by the interplay of many phases which are receiving our most careful analysis.

However, each phase is made up of so many individual circumstances and conditions that we are attempting to investigate each phase of the circumstances and conditions so that we will have a true comprehension of the entire development.

This is a free rendition, by Harlan Miller of the *Washington Post*, of a reply by Hull to a ticklish question. And then the Secretary is apt to add a touch of irony to the confusion he has created: "We always want to be helpful to you gentl'men." When not provoked into extreme caution, his answers are likely to be direct, dry, witty, but always skillfully meaningless.

Hull's outlook on "mah int'national affairs" is determined by his policy on international trade agreements, the good neighbor policy toward Latin America, and his attitude on national defense. Since he became Secretary of State he has changed his mind only on the latter. Formerly an advocate of gradual international disarmament, today he believes in the strongest possible national defense, with a navy powerful enough to defend this hemisphere.

But his main interest is the extension of his trade agreements. The Trade Agreements Act of 1934, of which he was the main architect, attempts to increase our foreign markets through reciprocal

tariff adjustments, and gives the President the right to reduce tariffs as much as 50 per cent. A Hull agreement provides for the reduction of duties on specified commodities which a nation may sell us, in return for which we get tariff concessions from that nation for our goods. Whenever we grant a concession to any one nation, it extends automatically to all other nations, with certain explicit exceptions. Moreover, once a country signs a trade agreement with us, it must not grant preferential treatment to any other country, nor must it withhold from anyone else the lower duties granted to us. Technically this business is called, quite insanely, "unconditional most-favored-nation reciprocal trade agreements."

Under this policy our foreign trade has gone up remarkably. Today we have reciprocal trade agreements with twenty-two nations, with which we do 60 per cent of our foreign business. Hull claims that the rise of the national income from 40 billions in 1932 to 68.5 billions in 1939 was partly, but very significantly, due to this program.

Of course, the Hull policy runs up against a number of difficulties. It hurts some of our smaller industries. Reduced import duties on Argentine wheat cannot possibly

help our wheat-farmers. Besides, this policy is so dismally undramatic that Mr. Hull has a hard time selling it to the American people. Finally, the most telling objection to the trade agreements is that the world is not moving that way. Within a year we have lost the Polish, Czechoslovak, and largely the Balkan and Near Eastern markets. The tendency towards autarchy is spreading. All countries at war have to adopt a more or less totalitarian economy. We ourselves are moving toward economic nationalism. That's what the New Deal, in its domestic program, is mainly about. That's why the London Economic Conference of 1933 was torpedoed by Roosevelt. Mr. Hull sailed to lower the barriers of international commerce and to stabilize exchanges, while the New Deal was abandoning the gold standard and trying desperately to control our internal economy. In short, the Hull trade agreements policy seems irrelevant and contradictory to the economic drift of the age.

Yet it is the most enlightened international economic influence the American democracy can exercise. The collapse of the Russian Revolution, and its reactionary spread into international fascism, into "National Socialism," has

shown that virulent "social planning" leads to bureaucratic state capitalism, to the totalitarian slave state. We cannot fight this totalitarian menace by ourselves moving toward a self-sufficient economy. We must avoid economic nationalism in principle, in the direction of international free trade. If the Allies win, only Hull's policy can lay the basis for some sort of peace in international relations. The increasing social controls we must develop to insure greater industrial democracy and the wider distribution of wealth cannot remain democratic and are bound to make for national socialism — unless world commerce flows freely.

IV

The fiasco of the London Conference saddened Hull but did not discourage him. In December of that year he headed the American delegation to the Pan-American Conference in Montevideo. One hour after he landed, he put on his hat and started making the rounds. Some of the Latin-American delegates he surprised at breakfast; others were still shaving. "I'm Hull from the United States," he introduced himself. And on leaving he told each of them, "Just give me a ring if you want to take anythin'

up with me, and I'll be right ovah." This was not a pose. To Hull, some one said, all meetings are political meetings. That afternoon Ulric Bell, who served as the American press representative, arranged for a press conference with the Secretary. All the big-shot newsmen showed up. But Mr. Hull was nowhere to be found. Finally he came trudging in. "Where in the world have you been, Mr. Secretary?" Bell asked rather irritably. "Why, I've been to see the local President," Hull explained.

At first the Latin Americans looked at all this homespun stuff with a good deal of suspicion. But Hull kept right on behaving as though he were running for Congress from the Fourth Tennessee District. He gave a very simple reception at one of the smaller hotels. There were no splurges, no side. Finally he won the Latin Americans completely. Montevideo was a great personal triumph for Hull. He sailed home with a number of promises to confer on possible trade agreements. The subsequent Lima and Buenos Aires Conferences were almost equally successful — psychologically.

Economically and politically the Good Neighbor policy is not so easy. England and Germany have in a number of Latin-American

countries a good deal more influence than we have. Most Latin-American countries are not "democracies," as we pretend to believe, but dictatorships ruled by adventurers. Fascist-subsidized movements are sprouting everywhere. In Cuba, and especially in Mexico, Stalin's GPU is well entrenched. The whole Spanish GPU has been transferred to Mexico, as "refugees." Mexico City is now the headquarters for Stalinazi propaganda and espionage for the whole American hemisphere. Just what does the Good Neighbor policy mean under the circumstances? Hull, who is diplomatically very well informed, is too soaked in the American tradition to grasp the technique of totalitarian penetration. The Spanish Civil War, I am told, eluded him completely. He really believed that Stalin was "helping" Spanish democracy.

If Mr. Roosevelt should doubt whether his re-election is in the bag, and therefore decide not to be drafted, Hull appears to be his candidate. As a candidate Hull has certain disadvantages. He is sixty-eight. Rightly or wrongly, some sections of small industry and many farm organizations are against his policy of trade agreements. There are more authentic objections. Though as a politician Hull has a

perfect sense of timing, as an executive he is slow, at times indecisive, overcautious. Finally, his whole public career has been devoted largely to tariff reform and foreign affairs. His views on domestic issues — on relief, unemployment, labor, social security — are practically unknown beyond the fact that, on the whole, he is a progressive.

On the other hand, Hull is the perfect compromise candidate. The Southern conservatives, the Garnerites, cannot openly object to him. The New Dealers, who are Roosevelt's creatures, would have to be for him. Jim Farley — who means the delegates to the convention — is strongly for him. Labor would be for him. Above all, the state of the public mind is for him. Hull today is almost the perfect symbol of the American Elder Statesman. The American people have a nostalgia for his type of Vanishing American: the backwoods politician, the common man, reared in the folkways of frontier democracy, who has risen to great heights of simplicity, dignity and moral prestige. In these days of mortal danger to our democratic institutions, Hull's traditional Americanism has an enormous appeal.

If Hull is nominated, the Republicans will have a hell of a time.

BEHIND POLAND'S DEFEAT

By MIECZYSLAW M. NOWINSKI

THE Thirty Days War between Germany and Poland, when Hitler overran his eastern neighbor, smashed her defenses, wiped out her airdromes, and cut her army of more than 1,000,000 men into ribbons, is still an urgent subject for discussion in military circles everywhere. How was it possible for a nation of 32,000,000, with a well-trained army, first-class military equipment, and a small but up-to-date air force, to melt away before the German attack as if it had had no more strength than another Ethiopia? No military expert expected Poland to succeed single-handed in driving back the Nazis, but there were few tacticians who did not believe that Polish resistance would be longer and the defeat less humiliating.

Yet within twenty-four hours after Hitler launched his *Blitzkrieg* 75 per cent of the Polish planes were destroyed — most while still in their hangars. The Nazis forestalled aid from the British and French air corps by destroying virtually every Polish airfield equipped to

receive and service military planes. Had Allied aircraft been sent to Poland they would have found that Polish air facilities had ceased to exist. In the first days of the war the German army destroyed Polish communication lines and railroad bridges behind the Polish vanguard. Army transport trains operating on secret schedules were located by the Germans and bombed in their terminals. Mobilization centers and concentration points, presumably known only to the Polish High Command, were known to German aviation. Munitions dumps and oil reserves to the last isolated gasoline depot were singled out and blasted. . . . How was this miracle of efficiency achieved? The answer has been given me in detail by high Polish officials, and I supplemented their revelations with independent investigation.

The perfection of the German advance can only be explained by saying that the Nazis were in possession of the most complete information about Polish plans and military secrets. And that is the

answer. Poland was carefully prepared for the "kill" over a period of years. Nothing was left to chance. Behind the destruction of the country is a story of organized espionage without modern parallel for completeness and scale.

The precision of the German Intelligence in Poland amazed even the heads of the British Secret Service. It was conducted on a mass basis, modeled on the system of the world-famous spy, Wilhelm Stieber, who organized German espionage in 1866 prior to the Bohemian campaign and prepared the ground for the rapid conquest of France during the Franco-Prussian War. It was estimated that Stieber had 30,000 spies operating in France in 1870. In September, 1939, the Nazis had in Poland at least 20,000 agents imported from Germany. These professional efforts were supplemented by the amateur work of some 700,000 Polish citizens of German origin who wanted to return to the Reich and who were engaging in systematic spying activities for the Germans. Practically one out of every thirty inhabitants of Poland was a German agent, constantly on the alert and in touch with Germany.

At Marshal Pilsudski's funeral in 1934 an unusual number of high Nazi dignitaries represented Ger-

many. I recall the puzzled expressions on the faces of thousands of Poles who watched the funeral procession with its German officers on all sides. But that was merely the beginning.

The period of "better relations" which Pilsudski had inaugurated — out of necessity — with Germany was officially sealed by a non-aggression pact. This was supplemented by a special treaty regulating the press. Expression of all anti-Nazi sentiment was banned from Polish newspapers. Mention of the persecution of the Polish minority in Germany disappeared. During this happy honeymoon the frontiers were flung open to German visitors, and thousands of Germans paid visits to "relatives" across the border. Hordes of business agents and official representatives swarmed over Poland. Automobile salesmen especially were plentiful. German auto agencies sprang up in the most out-of-the-way places and every Polish peasant who applied was given a long demonstration ride which, according to police records, almost always led to and from a vital military sector. For every car sold in Poland during these years at least two salesmen were kept on duty. Before last year's annual automobile race through Poland a large corps of

engineers was dispatched from Germany to "inspect" the roads. Their inspection was so thorough that when Hitler's motorized detachments swept over Poland they were not delayed for lack of knowledge about a single detour.

The German tourist organizations *Kraft durch Freude* and *Freude durch Kraft* jammed the Polish State Railways with tourists until even that proverbially poverty-stricken railroad began to show a profit. These tourists — each complete with little camera — scattered over Poland, taking photographs wherever they went. How humble German citizens on vacation could each take literally hundreds of pictures surprised the Polish authorities who did not know that the films were provided by the German Intelligence.

II

In accordance with international regulations, no photographs were supposed to be taken in flight on the Berlin-Warsaw air line, operated jointly by the Polish *Lot* and the German *Lufthansa*. Inept as were the Polish government police they could not fail to discover that a steady stream of aerial photographs were pouring into Germany. Perfunctory denials were given to

their protests, and in order to avoid friction cameras would occasionally be destroyed by dropping them from the German planes after they had performed their function. Again and again the Polish Intelligence Service complained to Foreign Minister Beck about the large-scale photographic activities of his new Nazi friends, but he was unable to stop them.

Perhaps the crassest act of espionage ever performed was undertaken by the German Ufa film company. After consultation with the Polish authorities, this organization was permitted to make a propaganda picture of Poland. Several motorized production units roved the country for four months, using countless reels of film to photograph everything of "patriotic" interest. They penetrated fortifications, military encampments, and airdromes. Polish artillery performed for them and air squadrons maneuvered before German lenses. More than 1,000,000 feet of film was taken, but the picture was never produced. It had an exclusive premiere in the private offices of the German secret service.

The Germans are known to be fond of Nature. Yet even for these admirers of birds and dachshunds, the number of pigeon fanciers among German Poles was remark-

able. The Polish authorities, after observing the activities of these pigeon enthusiasts, decided that in the areas adjacent to Germany it was necessary to limit the possession of carrier pigeons. On several occasions, the visits of Goebbels, Hess, and other important Nazis were suddenly announced and before the Poles could fathom the purpose of the surprise journeys, an army of Gestapo agents would arrive for the ostensible purpose of protecting the route of the Nazi dignitaries. The same procedure was followed when Marshal Goering periodically participated in the boar hunts in the Bialowierza forests. These Gestapo agents, having *carte blanche* to take what photographs and ask what questions they wished, supplemented the permanent Nazi espionage.

The laws which were later passed prohibiting German landowners from occupying large estates adjoining the German border were never enforced. In a few instances these landowners transferred titles to the name of some amenable Pole, but for the most part not even this precaution was deemed necessary. During the war, when Polish soldiers invaded these estates, they found not only cement gun emplacements and complete radio transmission stations,

but also landing fields for German planes and reserves of gas and oil.

Germany started the invasion of Poland only after every mile of Polish terrain had been mapped and every foot of Polish defenses charted. On the first day of the German campaign the Nazi air force bombed twenty-one key cities and villages in Poland. The effectiveness of the bombardment suggests that the German fliers not only had complete maps of the area but were receiving detailed advice from local informers. The bombing of Leczyca, in the district of Lodz, is an example of Nazi thoroughness. This town, with a population of 10,000, did not appear to be of any military importance. Apart from its miniature garrison of one hundred and fifty soldiers there was no ostensible reason for the Nazis to pay any particular attention to it. Yet squadron after squadron of German planes swept the small city, giving it the questionable distinction of being the most intensely bombed area for its size in the world.

Polish officers asked themselves why the Nazis were dropping hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of bombs on such a singularly unimportant objective. The seventeenth air raid told the tale. The Germans succeeded in exploding

one of the largest secret munition dumps in Poland, known only to a few of the highest Polish officers. The German Intelligence had learned far in advance of the strategic importance of little Lezcyca. So certain were they of their information that sixteen unsuccessful bombings did not prevent them from coming a seventeenth time to bomb the hidden reserve.

The same accuracy prevailed in bombing of railroad terminals. Military trains do not operate on a timetable schedule and destinations are known in advance only to a small section of railroad personnel. Yet the bombing of Polish terminals was generally done when military transports were at the stations. On September 5 an army transport left the Central station en route to the front. At 11:20 that morning the terminal was bombed. Fifteen minutes later, when the transport was due at the Praga station across the river, that terminal was bombed. By some good fortune the train escaped damage and continued on its journey. Four hours later, when it arrived at a small village east of Warsaw, German planes appeared and destroyed the village, the terminal, and the departing train. There is evidence to substantiate the view that German spies traveled in army trains

and informed German fliers of the routes by short wave radio.

Essential information not obtained through espionage activity was presented practically as a gift by vain Polish officers to the Germans. Their irresponsible boasting and display of secret equipment was a standing joke in more restrained military circles. When the war started no troop concentration was possible in Poland, while reserve troops found it impossible to reach their respective units. The Polish military was a shambles of confused troops isolated from each other and facing the organized fire of Germans wherever they turned. The German general staff knew more about the Polish army than the majority of Polish generals.

During the World War a British spy managed to serve for three years as an officer on the German High Command, as assistant to General Ludendorff, while a German agent acted as British censor in London. But these were, after all, minor exploits compared to the espionage state-within-a-state which the Nazis maintained in Poland. Poland collapsed like a wooden structure whose inside has been devoured by termites. The Nazi agents did their job with unsurpassed thoroughness.

COMMON-LAW WIVES

By ANTHONY M. TURANO

UNDER the old Common Law, as it was once understood in some states of the Union, a woman could have herself adjudged a wife by simply proving that her lover promised to marry her and that she thereafter permitted the marriage to be consummated without awaiting the wedding ceremony. The physical union was the legal equivalent of the nuptial contract. Although this curious doctrine is no longer applied by the courts, the same kind of judicial chivalry is still to be found in at least twenty-six states and jurisdictions, where common-law marriages are recognized, and where a genuine case of monogamy may overtake a man willy-nilly, without his having given so much as a nod of assent to any official, or even to the woman who has decided to rope him. Indeed, a bachelor may annex a wife through the careless diction of his correspondence. According to a ruling handed down in 1916, a humble postman had unwittingly usurped the function of a parson, and two lonely hearts pal-

pitating independently in Missouri and Minnesota had been welded for life by the simple exchange of *billet doux* and reply. On the death of her letter-perfect husband, the lady took her correspondence to a Federal court, which granted her the full financial returns of widowhood.

But the typical common-law marriage is seldom based upon any written instrument. Calling his favorite feminine acquaintance aside, John may say to her in words of the present tense: "Listen, Mary, I take you now as my legal wife, according to the Common Law; do you accept me as your husband?" Mary may reply affirmatively in words of her own choosing. A tighter matrimonial knot could not be tied by a college of cardinals. Since no gentleman will embarrass a lady with such a proposal in public, these nuptials are supposed to take place almost invariably without witnesses. But after listening to conflicting evidence, mostly about the subsequent behavior of the parties, the courts

do not hesitate to award estates or alimony to self-styled common-law wives.

Perhaps the *cause célèbre* on the subject is *In Re Erlanger's Estate* (1932), in which an actress, Charlotte Fixel, sought to be declared the unrecorded-widow of a wealthy theatrical producer. During the trial, scores of witnesses testified that Erlanger and Miss Fixel had lived together for many years, frequently introducing each other as husband and wife. But there was also considerable evidence tending to show that Erlanger had regarded the lady as his mistress, and that his friends and associates had known him as a bachelor. In making his income tax returns each year, he had always described himself as an unmarried man; and he had not mentioned a wife in his will. It is quite probable that all the witnesses told the truth as far as they knew it. The fact that Erlanger sometimes gave the impression that his intimate companion was his wife was not necessarily incompatible with the theory that he did not consider himself actually wedded to her. But the court decided that Miss Fixel's legal status, doubtful during the life of Erlanger, was that of a lawful wife after his death; and she shared in his assets accordingly.

Since the exchange of present consent makes the marriage, a woman may declare herself matron and maid in the same breath, without forfeiting the material dividends of unrecorded matrimony. In *Adams vs. Howell* (Oklahoma, 1932), the informal union was supposed to have taken place while the groom was disabled by a fatal illness. That the man considered himself a bachelor appeared from his will, in which he requested that "Cora Adams be well paid for whatever services she might render" during his last illness. Nevertheless, the court awarded Cora the full benefits of a common-law bereavement. In *Shattuck vs. Shattuck's Estate* (Minnesota, 1912), the alleged widow explained that the relationship had been kept more or less secret because a son by a former marriage was opposed to her taking another husband. Yet the appellate court gallantly authorized her to collect a widow's portion of Shattuck's property to console her in her sorrow. Thus, a woman may announce her widowhood, and be declared an heir, without first having been generally known as a wife.

In a Pennsylvania case (*Re: Goldman's Estate*, 1933), the self-styled common-law widow was so uncertain of her status that after the

death of her unrecorded husband she had gone "through a ceremony of marriage with someone representing himself to be William Albert Goldman," and had later altered "the date of the marriage certificate from 1931 to 1930." The court conceded that Mary had "acted most improperly and indiscreetly" in trying to forge a marriage after the funeral, but held that she was married already under the common law, without being sure of it. She was pronounced a lawful widow, and allowed to share in the estate to the amount of \$5500.

II

A post-mortem allegation of unrecorded wedlock of course has its advantage, because of the enforced silence of the other party. But a state of domesticity may also pounce upon a man out of the wild oats of his youth, while he is still alive and legally kicking in person. In *Clark vs. Clark* (Nevada, 1920), the parties had been separated for seven years, and Clark had since contracted a statutory marriage with another woman, which made him technically guilty of adultery. The common-law wife was awarded one-third of his newly acquired estate, with a decree of

divorce to insure its independent enjoyment.

According to some decisions, a sentence of monogamy may be pronounced against any star boarder who permits his landlady to broadcast herself as his wife. In a case decided by the United States Supreme Court, the evidence was that James Travers and Sophia Grayson entered into a marriage by consent in Virginia, which was invalid in that state. They later lived together in Maryland, but failed to comply with its matrimonial laws. Still legally single, they went to New Jersey, where common-law marriages are recognized, and continued to cohabit and to represent themselves as husband and wife without formal wedlock or common-law hocus pocus. The facts were deemed sufficient to establish a lawful marriage in the last state.

A conjugal status so acquired, cannot be sloughed off by moving into a jurisdiction that recognizes only the statutory kind. For if the union was valid in the place where it was contracted, it must be respected in every other jurisdiction. Thus, marriages by private consent are legal in Nevada and illegal in California. On the shores of Lake Tahoe there is a night club, whimsically located half in one state and

half in the other, with a black line on the waxed floor indicating the boundary. It would be quite proper for a California couple, as they glide into Nevada territory, to exchange whispered declarations that they take each other as husband and wife. Under the Nevada law, the bargain would be a legal marriage; and since the place of the contract determines its validity, the other forty-seven commonwealths would be bound to enforce the obligations of the relationship.

Since an informal marriage is no less binding than a ceremonial one, it cannot be dissolved by what the parties may call a common-law divorce. But the decisions unanimously hold that prosecution for bigamy may not be allowed without evidence of an "actual marriage," distinguished from one that is merely inferred from the behavior of the parties, or affirmed by only one of them. A case in point is *Adell Elliott vs. The Industrial Accident Board* (Montana, 1936), in which three women claimed to have been simultaneously widowed by the same man. Charlotte Wolfe Elliott had married Edward Elliott in June, 1920, divorced him in 1926, rewedded him on March 28, 1927. Adell Elliott had married him on March

5, 1927, divorced him on April 29, 1931, and cohabited with him until his death in 1933. Dorothy Reick Elliott had lived with him as his wife between April, 1931, and January, 1932, without ceremony. Although there is presumably no such thing as relativity in the wedded state, the court held, in effect, that Adell had been more married to Edward than the other two self-styled widows.

It must be pointed out that such ridiculous tangles are due not so much to legislative neglect as to judicial quibbling. Nearly every state has a more or less mandatory enactment on marriage, prescribing a preliminary license and subsequent solemnization. But such is the die-hard devotion of the judges to antiquated doctrine that the most positive language has been ignored in the absence of a specific abolition of the common-law rule. In Kansas, common-law wedlock is a misdemeanor. But this provision has been interpreted to mean that "punishment may be inflicted upon those who enter the marriage relation in disregard of the prescribed statutory requirement without rendering the marriage itself void." The two scoff-laws may spend their honeymoon in jail, but subsequent housekeeping will be legal. By the same logic, a

man who has served his time for burglary should become the lawful proprietor of the loot. As the result of recent legislation, more than half of the states now prohibit the marriage of syphilitics. Yet the courts of at least eight of these same states continue to recognize wedlock by unrecorded consent.

III

So thin is the line of demarcation between informal wedlock and illicit cohabitation that an unscrupulous woman may easily use the legal rules to collect alimony, or to plunder an estate, when her claim may have no other basis than a more or less intimate acquaintance with her victim. Nobody knows, of course, how many wallets are privately delivered to prevent scandal. But that an itching palm is not an infallible sign of wedlock is a matter of cold judicial record. For example, T. J. Osterling died in 1934, in Pittsburgh, leaving a million-dollar estate to his various relatives. There was a bequest of \$10,000 to a friend, Martha O. Aber, who decided to obtain a larger share by proving that in 1927 she and Osterling had "mutually agreed, in words of the present tense, to take each other as husband and wife." It was dis-

closed during the trial, however, that Martha was not without previous experience in common-law bereavement. In 1932, during the time when she was supposed to have been informally married to Osterling in Pennsylvania, a man named Brownlow had died in Michigan, and Martha had arrived there "directly after the funeral, announced herself as his widow," taken possession of his personal effects, and conducted herself as becomes a broken-hearted common-law mate. The appellate court was compelled to hold that Martha had lost more husbands than she had married.

An even more fantastic common-law fairy tale was told by Carletta Keys, who claimed to have joined herself in wedlock to George Herrmann while traveling in a coach from New York City to Fort Lee, N. J. To be sure, the driver had failed to notice that his two fares had changed their status; and George protested that the journey had been for pleasure, not matrimony. But Carletta stuck to her story, and a gullible jury declared her lawfully married to George and his lumber business. This triumph of chivalry over justice was later set aside by the presiding judge, who marveled at how Carletta's "attractive personality

and dramatic ability" could have fetched a verdict with a story "so inconsistent and unconvincing."

Not infrequently a woman of Mrs. Warren's profession will try to establish a connubial pact with one of her customers. In *Grigsby vs. Reib* (Texas, 1913), the declaration of wedlock was supposed to have occurred in a romantic moment when Jessie Stallcup and George Grigsby were alone in her room. But the court was unable to ignore the fact that she had retained her maiden name in her business of "keeping what she terms a rooming house — in fact, an assignation house." It was finally decided that Jessie had been neither married nor widowed, but only bereft of a wealthy client.

It is doubtful whether what the courts legalize as common-law marriage is ever much more than a matter of wishful thinking on the part of the woman in the case. And certainly it is true, as Marshall Van Winkle says, that "a man who is willing to consider himself married by a few words is just as willing to consider himself divorced with no words at all." Men, however, are seldom to be found in a hall of justice on the lucrative side of the question. In my study of recent appellate reports, I found only two cases in which men sought material

advantages as common-law husbands; and in both the decision was negative. This comparative scarcity of male plaintiffs is undoubtedly due to the well-known readiness of judges and juries to look for a male scoundrel and a female victim in every marital controversy. The most sincere common-law husband is bound to appear to their eyes as a blackguard who is willing to blacken a lady's good name for the sake of gain.

According to early decisions, this unequal distribution of legal favors between the sexes was supposed to be compensated by the fact that the common-law principle enabled the judges to protect innocent children from the stigma of illegitimacy. But in our own day the case-reports show that common-law children have become extremely rare. Of all the suits to establish common-law marriage that I have mentioned in this article, only one involved the status of children.

To be sure, a woman's claim to the estate of her unregistered husband is sometimes rendered "meritorious" by the genuine affection that she bore him. But her rights cannot be any greater than those of a disinherited son or brother. If the property of a citizen were to be divided among his

neighbors according to varying degrees of intimacy, the business would require a broader legal principle than a dusty dogma that served women only. Another legalistic contention is that the State has no right to require solemnization because marriage is only a "civil contract." But this is an argument for private divorce rather than against the public announcement of the conjugal relation. The life-sentence that results by implication, usually against the wish of one of the parties, can hardly be defined as a manifestation of personal freedom. Besides being a private accord, marriage is also a social status; and there ought to be some sort of registry where a man can make sure that the woman he marries is not already a common-law wife; that his children will not be rendered illegitimate by a

Blackstonian technicality; and that a previous husband by the common law may not shoot him with impunity under the unwritten law. Such anxieties are equally logical in the woman's case.

That common-law marriage is wholly without social acceptance is indicated by the fact that men will rarely ascribe their unconventional behavior to dislike of red tape, and almost no woman will casually admit that she became a wife without benefit of clergy. Common-law marriage exists only in the dusty records of litigated cases, where it enables some women to share in estates or obtain alimony on the basis of a doubtful relationship. A legislative repeal of the entire doctrine, in the states where it still prevails, would bring no worse social result than the prevention of fraud, extortion and blackmail.



EPITAPH

BY DOROTHY LIVINGSTON ULRICH

DEATH must pity these who lie
 From urgent flesh apart;
 Their love had never time enough
 Till buried with the heart.

- *Case study in political infiltration:
How the comrades captured a key state.*

STALIN OVER CALIFORNIA

By RENA M. VALE

WHEN Viacheslav Molotov and Joachim von Ribbentrop affixed their signatures last August to the friendship pact between the Red and Brown dictatorships, they not only unloosed a war on the world, but pulled the pilings from under the state administration in far-off California. Fantastic though it sounds, a diplomatic event in the Moscow Kremlin created a crisis for the government of an American state. Our country is as yet only vaguely aware that the communist Popular Front, which for a time dominated France and Loyalist Spain, also captured California in 1938. But the Hitler-Stalin partnership has wrecked the sham "democratic" line-up in California much as it did in France, and has precipitated a struggle for the pieces. The history of the relationship between the communists and the Democrats in California not only supplies the background of the struggle, but it is *a significant case study in the political methods of Stalinism in America* during the period when

the Kremlin was shadow-boxing against fascism.

It all goes back to 1934, when Upton Sinclair, unfurling the End-Poverty-In-California ("EPIC") banner, led 800,000 would-be government pensioners, drought refugees, Midwestern comfort seekers, lotus eaters, bedraggled real estate sharks and unemployed through the looking glass and christened them Democrats. Up to that time the Democratic Party in California, ever since the Civil War, had been little more than a shadow flickering behind the all-powerful Republican state machine. Sinclair's movement went up in smoke, but before its embers had cooled the Popular Front was born in Moscow. Therein lies the story.

Until the birth of the Popular Front, communists the world over lived in the so-called Third Period of Moscow's game: capitalism was presumably about to expire, and the faithful shouted ultra-revolutionary slogans. But suddenly, in 1935, orders came through to drop the revolutionary line and enter

the citadels of "bourgeois democracy" in order to carry on a "war against fascism." The stunned comrades in the United States, as elsewhere, dutifully put on neckties, set up Jefferson and Lincoln by the side of Stalin and Lenin, and proceeded to pass themselves off as liberals and progressives. Thereafter the Popular Front and the Democratic Party as it exists in California today grew up together.

The Kremlin's contingent in the state, as soon as the new orders came from Moscow, went to gambol with Upton's shepherdless lambs. The Epic Continuations Committee, initiated and controlled by a communist fraction, held the lambs until 1936, and by that time the groundwork was laid to convince them that the Kremlin-controlled Popular Front was democracy. The fledgling Democrats, deliberately kept in their naive state by the handful of communists who ran things, tried their wings in the presidential election and rolled up a large Roosevelt vote. The first trickles of New Deal "alphabet soup" brought many more of California's hungry and hopeful into the leftward swinging movement.

In 1937 the Epic Continuations Committee was absorbed by the California Federation for Political

Unity, which was designed to attract unattached liberals. Simultaneously, the CIO wave washed over the state, sweeping inland from the San Francisco waterfront where Harry Bridges and his Maritime Federation held sway. A branch of Labor's Non-Partisan League was set up to *politicalize* these tyro unionists, and in that as well as in the Federation for Political Unity, according to sworn testimony of participants, the communists held key spots. About that time, also, a number of secret members of the Young Communist League injected themselves prominently into the Young Democrats and began jockeying for power. In addition, the Stalin forces captured a large bloc of the CIO including the "key-stone," as they termed the Newspaper Guild. By 1938 the Kremlin's formidable machine in California included the American League for Peace and Democracy and the Anti-Nazi League which were influential in moviedom, and the League of Women Shoppers, rear guard of the CIO, to say nothing of a number of forums and independent clubs which had been captured and indoctrinated by communists disguised as liberals. At that time the Communist Party claimed around 6000 members in California, of whom probably not

more than half were active in "bourgeois" political circles. But those members were so strategically placed as to control "bottlenecks."

Seemingly few outside the Communist Party knew what was going on. California's education on the subject of communism and communists has been sorely neglected. The professional red-baiters, more concerned with scaring additional funds out of frightened capitalists than with following Communist Party developments, had failed to take the hairpin turn from the Third Period into the Popular Front. They were furiously shadow-boxing, swinging over the communists' heads, hitting non-communists in liberal and labor circles. Another thing that helped the communists was that no outstanding leaders had come forward in the liberal ranks since Sinclair retired. The best the Democratic Party could do for gubernatorial timber in 1938 was Culbert L. Olson, an obscure and aging Los Angeles lawyer who had jumped on the Sinclair bandwagon in 1934 and been elected State Senator. But the Republicans had even less to offer. Olson has been in politics only during this Alice-in-Wonderland era, and it is most probable that he does not to this day know that the noisy "front" organiza-

tions which came forward to help him formulate a program and push doorbells for him were wired to the Kremlin.

Acting on its 1936 national slogan, "Defeat Reaction," the Communist Party of California made up a preferred slate for the 1938 elections, headed by Olson for Governor, Ellis E. Patterson for Lieutenant Governor, Sheridan Downey for United States Senator, Lee Geyer and others for Congress. At that time I was an undercover communist, registered as a Democrat. I was assigned to work in the Los Angeles County Political Commission of the Communist Party, a secret body co-ordinating the work of communist penetration into the Democratic Party. State endorsements were relayed to us from District 13 (California) headquarters of the Party in San Francisco, and it fell to our lot to put communist machinery in motion in order to get this slate endorsed by labor unions, front organizations, liberal and church groups, as well as to select candidates for the State Senate, Assembly and other minor offices.

Among those our secret commission endorsed were: Robert W. Kenny for the State Senate; Fred Reaves, Maurice Atkinson, Ralph Dills, Vernon Kilpatrick, Augustus

Hawkins, Ben Rosenthal, Jack Tenney and Samuel W. Yorty for the Assembly. It was our duty to surround, indoctrinate and if possible recruit these candidates, as well as to supply their platforms and to get pre-election pledges from them. This was done by planting as many comrades as possible in their campaign committees. How many of them knew they were accepting communist support and suggestions can never be determined.

All the forces of the Communist Party in California were thrown behind these candidates. The electorate, groping for a way out of poverty, was willing to accept anything that was different. Loyalist Spain and China were used to draw crowds, then up would bob the almost omnipresent Patterson and two or three other aspirants to office. Film colonists who had been dallying with the Popular Front line were corralled in the Motion Picture Democratic Committee headed by Melvyn Douglas, and no rally was complete without a twinkling star or two. Comrades in the Newspaper Guild worked overtime maneuvering their less guileful fellow unionists into writing propaganda instead of news. A proposed anti-picketing bill unified labor, and communists tugged and

strained to hitch their candidates to that wagon. Sops were thrown to the newly-formed "Ham and Eggs" pension group. All in all, it was free wheeling into Sacramento.

II

Culbert L. Olson, the first Democratic Governor of California in forty-two years, moved into the capitol in January, 1939, and with him went a flock of Popular Fronters. The Old Guard retained power in the State Senate, but the Assembly belonged to the New Order. Just how many of the newly-elected Democratic officials were secretly dues-paying members of the Communist Party will probably never be ascertained, but the records of a number of them, including Lieutenant Governor Patterson, run consistently parallel with the changing Kremlin line.

Soon appointments of a startling nature began to come through. Bona fide Democrats, contributors to Olson's campaign fund and faithful precinct workers were ignored as the patronage grab-bag was opened to communists, fellow-travelers and stooges. There were a dozen or more persons who received important state posts with whom I had had contact in the

Communist Party on secret official business, and twice as many more whom I had heard referred to in the Party as "comrades." Few appointees had not had at least one coat of Kremlin varnish, having lent their names to "front" organizations or otherwise won the Stalinist accolade.

The State Relief Administration spends nearly 100 million dollars a year, provides jobs for several thousand persons and sustenance for hundreds of thousands, and has been recognized as the best base for a political machine. To head this bureau Governor Olson appointed Dr. H. Dewey Anderson, whom the communists had been wooing since 1937. But for all that Dr. Anderson was not too kindly disposed toward the Kremlin clique, and the actual management went to his assistant, William Plunkert, a known communist. Plunkert and his Field Director, Rose Segure, lost no time in moving ideological allies into high-salaried positions.

The next most important state bureau, according to communist standards, is the Immigration and Housing Department which deals with California's 200,000 homeless, wandering agricultural workers. Carey McWilliams, a liberal attorney and author, who during the Popular Front era consistently

advanced the Muscovite line, was made head of this department. He chose as his executive assistant Margaret Kalisch, Secretary of the Los Angeles local of the CIO Office Workers' Union, and wife of a Newspaper Guild official. To me, a former communist attached to the Newspaper Guild Unit of the Los Angeles Professional Section of the underground Party, this meant simply "one big happy family." Another who got a department was Germaine Bulcke, San Francisco waterfront "labor leader," named in the Dies Committee report of 1939 as a member of the State Central Committee of the Communist Party. All department heads make up the Governor's "cabinet."

Despite rumors, it has not been officially established that Olson made pre-election promises to the Communist Party. His recent behavior would indicate that if such commitments were made, he had not the slightest notion he was bargaining with a foreign power. However, the key figures who pulled the drawstrings of the patronage grab-bag have been pretty well exposed as communists by subsequent public investigations. Moreover, what was plainly collusion between the California Stalinist clique and various Wash-

ington sympathizers delivered into their hands the National Youth Administration, the WPA Federal Writers' Projects, and other Federal agencies in California.

Outside of a small dissident element within the CIO, a larger bloc of anti-Stalinists in the AFL, and a few overworked Young Democrat oppositionists there was no wind-break against this Kremlin typhoon. The bona fide Democrats, bewildered by the course of their runaway party and knocked breathless by gubernatorial rebuffs, had hardly staggered to their feet when the third-term issue floored them again. The communists had become the loudest supporters of President Roosevelt and labeled every opponent of the third term a "fascist" and a "reactionary." (That was when Stalinoid Hollywood folk were singing *Mister Roosevelt, Won't You Please Run Again.*) Any Democrat who opposed their appointments to state offices was branded anti-third-term and anti-New Deal. The third-termites endeavored to couple the California administration to the New Deal, and a state with twenty-two Electoral College votes was welcomed into the family of New Deal Democratic states.

Needless to say, there has been dissension from the first. One up-

heaval threw William Plunkert and Rose Segure out of the State Relief Administration on the ground that they were incompetent and inefficient; but both were branded as communists by a State Senate investigating committee. Dr. Anderson resigned with a statement to the effect that he would not play the kind of dirty political game that was expected of him. But nothing was essentially changed by the time of the Hitler-Stalin nuptials.

As everywhere in communist circles, this event brought utter confusion, which increased as the Popular Front began to collapse all over the world and as defections from the ranks grew into a rout. Because they were holding remunerative jobs as Democrats, the California comrades were in a serious dilemma. Most of them recoiled at the idea of supporting the Nazis. But so long as the Kremlin agents had power to say who would and who would not work in the Relief Administration or other state bureaus, jobholders could not relinquish their secret connections with the Communist Party.

Judging from external evidences, the first solution conceived by the communist leaders was to take the whole unwieldy, loosely-knit California government for a ride on the

Comintern roller coaster. A check, in the months after the Moscow-Berlin Axis was announced, on speeches made by Lieutenant Governor Patterson and State Housing Commissioner McWilliams, as well as Young Democrat officers and big "pressure boys," reveals great ingenuity in linking California Democracy to the spiralling Comintern line. But after a few blasts McWilliams apparently gave up. His name is now conspicuously absent from the rosters of "liberals" published in the *People's World*, West Coast communist organ. David V. Gill, president of the Young Democrats, Inc., woke up to the "communist taint" in that body, and screen actor Melvyn Douglas deserted the Hollywood comrades. Other serious "breaks" were reported.

III

When Stalin reversed his stand on the "democracies," his agents in America had to leave their warm democratic beds and emerge into the open, shivering in their communist nudity. The American Communist Party dutifully dropped the third-term issue and began denouncing Roosevelt. But the third-term issue had drawn California semi-Democrats *en rapport*

with the New Deal, and when it was summarily dropped by the Stalinists, it cut the Olson regime adrift from the national Democratic machinery.

As the Popular Front crumbled, the right wingers began to take hope. State Senator John Phillips, Republican, made the headlines with a report, allegedly compiled by a bi-partisan Citizens' Committee, charging that the State Relief Administration was dominated by communists. Inefficiency, waste, sabotage, job-selling and other graft were thrown in for good measure. Then came the body blow. Assemblyman Samuel W. Yorty, one of the most cherished idols of the Popular Front, suddenly revealed himself to be an honest liberal instead of the fellow-traveler the Stalinists had thought him. One day early in February he jumped up on the Assembly floor and asked for \$500 to investigate alleged communism in the Los Angeles relief office. Assemblyman Jack Tenney, an AFL leader and liberal Democrat, supported him. They got the appropriation and were magnanimously allowed a whole week-end to make the investigation, and one day for the hearing.

The "Little Dies Committee," as Yorty's group came to be called,

held a one-day hearing in Los Angeles on February 5. Because of his understanding of the subject, Yorty was able to present the case to the California public dramatically and effectively. He established that a number of Relief Administration executives, as well as several of the most important "pressure boys," were members of the Kremlin ring. He exposed those who did the "thumbs up" and "thumbs down" on state jobs. As a result, Governor Olson ordered the reorganization of the State Relief Administration and in the process abolished one hundred executive positions. He did it with a face-saving gesture toward "economy."

Apparently Communist Party heads saw that if they were to hold any of the sectors they had taken in California, they could not be too harsh about enforcing the Soviet government's foreign policy on "renegade" comrades. A "California compromise" was made. If the defected and the disillusioned would agree not to tattle on the comrades in important state offices, the Communist Party would let them hold their jobs.

But something had to be done to legitimate this action and at the same time to provide an organizational basis for further Soviet border patrol. The answer was, *Mum-*

mify the Popular Front! About the middle of January this year invitations were sent out by a committee that sprang from the disintegrating Popular Front, "calling all liberals" to a conference in Fresno on January 20 and 21. The list was carefully selected, and the call specified that attendance was to be "by invitation only." The *People's World* estimated the attendance at 300. Listed among those present were high ranking communists, ex-communists, state, county and city officials, several unclassified fuzzy-brains, and Harry Bridges. The press release referred to the meeting as the Conference for Democratic Action, but the only thing democratic about it was the name. Secret pre-conference meetings in each end of the state had chosen the organization's officers and executive board, and the Conference was not even granted the privilege of rubber-stamping these decisions.

Its list of officers, its avowed principles, and the names of certain affiliated groups betray the fact that this Conference is the mummy of the California Popular Front. Labor's Non-Partisan League is an affiliate; so are the Workers' Alliance and the reorganized Motion Picture Democratic Committee. Moreover, at the "funeral service"

abolishing the Hollywood chapter of the American League for Peace and Democracy, held January 30, the secretary, John Stapp, told released members that "for the time being we will work in the California Conference for Democratic Action."

Chairman of the Conference is Dr. Norman Byrne, Los Angeles City College professor and active supporter of Stalin's invasion of Finland. The secretary is Estolv Ward, who handled publicity for Harry Bridges in his recent deportation trial. Executive board members include Reuben Borough, Los Angeles Board of Public Works Commissioner and long-standing fellow-traveler; Oscar Fuss, head of the Workers' Alliance in Los Angeles; Don R. Healey of Labor's Non-Partisan League; and Mrs. Ann Treadwell, State Administrator for the National Youth Administration. Sponsors include State Senator John Shelley, staunch ally of the Stalinists, Fish and Game Commissioner Germaine Bulcke, and Lieutenant Governor Patterson. The program of the Conference is simon-pure Communist Party line of the new period. The "true liberals" must be ready to act as an independent political bloc and, if necessary, withdraw from the Democratic Party. The United

States must not be led into a foreign war — "The Yanks are not coming!" Oppose the Dies and "Little Dies" Committees. Needless to say, this is merely the local version of the Comintern line newly prescribed for the erstwhile "democracies."

A new central organization has thus in effect been set up to replace, as far as possible, the old fellow-traveling groups. Equivalent revamping is going on in other parts of the country — homeless members of the late League for Peace and Democracy and other defunct "front" groups are being herded into "emergency conferences" under pacifist, civil liberties and other plausible slogans. In California the stakes are higher, there being actual jobs and patronage involved, and the revamping therefore especially earnest and painstaking. It remains to be seen how far this new tactic will serve the purpose for which it was devised. If unlimited energy and an infinite capacity for intrigue can make it work, then the communists may succeed. On the other hand, they are trying to retain control of a state administration divided against itself by the exposure of the Popular Front, discredited and facing a gathering storm of legislative and popular disapprobation.

WHAT ARE THE BRAIN WAVES SAYING?

By DOROTHY MILLER AND HERBERT SOLOW

ABOUT one in every hundred people is subject to a mysterious tendency to "pass out" every once in a while for periods from one to twenty seconds. These total or partial black-outs of consciousness are so brief, so fleeting, that neither the victim nor his friends are aware of them. Sitting in your easy chair reading the *AMERICAN MERCURY*, you might be the one in a hundred without its mattering. You would come to, imagine your attention had been distracted momentarily, and go on reading. But if you were at the wheel of an automobile, the tiny lapse might prove disastrous. If you were a pursuit pilot power-diving toward an enemy bomber, you might never come out of that infinitesimal black-out — in an air battle a quarter-second retardation in reaction time can make the difference between life and death. That is why the British Royal Air Force, in a laboratory whose location is a military secret, is today testing pilots to discover and eliminate the one in a hundred.

The test is made by recording

brain waves, and the apparatus used is called an electroencephalograph. Science has discovered that electrical discharges are constantly flowing from the human brain, and their transcription by this apparatus is informally known as a brain wave. Today the brain waves of aviators are saying which of them is unreliable because of a hidden affliction. Tomorrow brain waves may be saying how to cut down automobile accidents, putting the finger on drivers likely to miss the split second which often separates a miss from a smash. Some day, too, they may help identify and salvage the unlucky school children whose tendency to miss the teacher's question from time to time is often misunderstood as lack of attention and ambition.

Already the brain waves have disclosed that the tendency to pass out for periods so brief as to go unobserved by human witnesses, including the victim, is a mild form of epilepsy — so mild that for most practical purposes it can be ignored. Full-blown epilepsy is

far more common than is generally supposed; hospital records show diagnoses of epilepsy for half a million Americans. The dread total-seizure or *grand mal*, marked by convulsions followed by coma, is in many ways more crippling, physically and psychologically, than infantile paralysis. But in addition there are in the United States, according to authoritative estimates, about one million victims of partial-seizure or *petit mal* epilepsy, a disease evidenced only by eye and face muscle twitches so minute that they are easily overlooked, and by the recurring loss of consciousness for a second or more.

The brain waves are saying how to diagnose epilepsy more rapidly and surely than ever before. Since diagnosis opens the door to eventual control or cure, the taking of brain waves is becoming increasingly common in American hospitals. Already a score of institutions in major cities give the brain-wave laboratory the same relative standing as that for x-rays. Not as often applied to incoming patients as the thermometer or stethoscope, the electroencephalograph in the celebrated Massachusetts General Hospital and several other institutions is now routine for patients whose record or conduct inspires any suspicion of *petit mal* epilepsy.

What might have been missed a dozen years ago, can now be readily seen on the record of brain electricity.

II

The work of many scientists went into the discovery that the brain constantly generates tiny quantities of current which it releases in regular patterns that can be detected through an intact skull and recorded on paper. Years of work by Galvani, Volta, Faraday, hundreds of others, showed that electricity is intimately linked with all functions of living matter. By 1900 it was known that contracting muscles give off current, and in 1903 Einthoven devised a method of recording, on photographic film, the flicker produced in a string galvanometer by the current discharged from a beating heart, thus laying the basis for diagnosing heart abnormalities through the electrocardiograph. Even then it was known that the brain could produce a slight change in a sensitive galvanometer, and in 1929 a little-known German psychiatrist, Dr. Hans Berger of Jena, recorded human brain discharges in the form of wavy lines.

The process of taking brain waves, still basically that discov-

ered by Berger, is primarily the application to brain study of the principles of radio communication. The apparatus used is essentially a radio receiving set, which picks up the brain waves. The subject of study lies on a bed in a dimly lighted room, relaxes, closes his eyes. By means of collodion, better known as nail-polish, little solder disks are attached to his scalp. These disks, or electrodes, fastened to hair-fine copper wire, pick up electric impulses and transfer them to a radio receiver. Two sets of amplifiers enlarge the brain current 2,000,000 times to a voltage between 100 and 500, enough in an ordinary radio to move a diaphragm and produce sound. In the electroencephalograph the impulses are converted not into sound but into wavy lines of ink recorded on ticker tape. In half an hour about 100 feet of record are produced, from which the doctor can make his diagnosis.

By 1935, Berger had studied a collection of records, measuring, comparing, analyzing. He identified two distinct and recurring types of wave, which he called *alpha* and *beta*. The *alpha* is now regarded as the basic normal pattern, persistent, clear, easily recognized in 80 per cent of normal humans. It is a smoothly waved

line of about ten crests and troughs on a section of paper unrolling in one second. The amount of current producing this pattern is around fifty-millionths of one volt. The *beta* rhythm, with about twice as many waves per second, also appears in the normal human. The voltage is lower, and it is most easily seen when increased brain activity, such as accompanies the act of opening the eyes, temporarily obscures the *alpha* waves. In perhaps five per cent of available records, the *beta* wave predominates. A few extreme records show one rhythm alone, but generally it is normal for *alpha* and *beta* to occur together in varying proportions.

When Berger first announced his work, Nobel Prize winner E. D. Adrian, Cambridge University's electro-physiologist, thought Berger had erred; Adrian knew that heart and muscle currents increase with activity, while Berger found greater discharges from the quiet than from the working brain. Adrian made a study with his own equipment, shielded his laboratory against stray outside radio waves, and became the German's first ardent convert. Gallantly he called the *alpha* wave "the Berger rhythm." The pioneer American investigator, Dr. Hallo-

well Davis of the Harvard Medical School, learned of Berger's work from a student. "I don't believe it," he exclaimed. And then: "Let's try it." He did, went on to make extensive studies, and became the teacher of many American brain wave workers, as well as one of the trainers of Dr. Dennis Williams, who runs the RAF laboratory in England. Today there are forty Americans competent to record and interpret brain waves, the largest contingent being in Davis' own Boston area. Of the apparatuses in use in the United States, thirty were built by engineer Albert Grass of the Harvard Medical School. Only about half a dozen laboratories exist outside the United States.

What scientists can learn about the brain's physiological and electrical properties must have practical value if a hospital is to spend the necessary one to ten thousand dollars to build a smaller or larger electroencephalograph. Among an increasing number of uses, the diagnosis of epilepsy has remained the chief practical one ever since Berger noted that the brain wave taken during an epileptic attack differs from both *alpha* and *beta* waves. Later, Dr. Davis, Dr. Frederic Gibbs of Boston City Hospital and Dr. William G. Len-

nox, Boston epilepsy authority, set to work to illuminate the baffling mechanism of the disease by studying the relation of brain waves to epileptic convulsions. Chiefly because of their work it is known that the wave, during a *grand mal* seizure, looks like the result of a brain "storm." A few seconds before external evidence of an attack is observed, the wave frequently rises to as much as sixty oscillations per second, voltage to 100 microvolts or more. As the convulsion proper sets in, the wave slows to three or six per second and voltage booms to 200. As convulsions give way to coma, the waves come but once each two or three seconds, but the voltage continues high. Normal rhythm and voltage return when the sufferer emerges. *Petit mal* also has its abnormal brain wave. During the brief attacks the wave, instead of falling smoothly to troughs, kicks back with a sharp pike, a formation now accepted as a conclusive symptom of *petit mal*.

Studying 6000 epileptic records, Gibbs made the most important medical contribution thus far based on the brain wave. He found that even when there was no observable attack, the wave could be abnormal, showing bursts of *petit mal* wave-spikes from one to twenty seconds in duration. With Lennox,

he demonstrated that these were often periods of unconsciousness. Next Dr. Robert Schwab of Massachusetts General Hospital, observing his patients' reaction to the hoot of a ferry whistle, showed that during such attacks reaction-time was extended from the normal quarter-second to a full second, in extreme cases to as much as eight seconds. This new awareness of sub-clinical *petit mal* or "electric attacks" observable only by the apparatus opened a vast field of inquiry.

III

Already the brain wave technique has provided the first accurate and reliable way of testing anti-convulsive drugs given for *grand mal* attacks. Some drugs restore normal brain wave rhythm and voltage to epileptics; perhaps the most notable, dilantin, was discovered by Drs. Tracy Putnam and Houston Merritt of the Boston City Hospital, through work closely allied to Gibbs' on brain waves.

But superior diagnosis and treatment of epilepsy — not, let it be emphasized, some new, miraculous cure — does not complete the sum of the brain wave's uses. It can also be employed to localize such brain injuries as tumors, clots,

abscesses or skull fractures. It was Gray Walters, a British physicist, who developed a technique of localizing such injuries on the basis of Berger's finding that the tumorous region of a brain exposed for operation had an abnormal frequency and voltage. This is called the *delta* wave. By shifting electrodes about and hunting the *delta* wave, the approximate trouble-center can be found.

Recently there was brought to a Boston hospital an unconscious, dying woman. Unable to find another clue to her affliction, the neurosurgeon took brain wave evidence indicating brain disorder at a particular spot. He opened the skull, discovered a large tumor at that point, and removed it. The woman recovered. Used generally as a supplementary diagnostic lead, this was the first time brain waves told a doctor how to save a life. *Delta* waves, incidentally, appear all over the brain in encephalitis or brain fever which involves the entire organ, and as a normal phenomenon when the brain is relatively inactive, as with infants or anesthetized adults. Working in the private Tuxedo Park laboratory of Alfred Loomis, Davis and Loomis showed the *delta* waves to be normal also for the sleeping adult.

Of all human organs, the brain is the most complex in structure and function. It not only controls and co-ordinates all bodily activity, but it is also supposed to be the dwelling place of those qualities vaguely covered by the word "mind." With the aid of brain waves, much has been discovered about its functioning which could have been learned in no other way. Lennox, for example, recently revealed that among families of known epileptics, 30 per cent of the individual brain waves showed *petit mal* spikes or slow *delta*-type indications. Clearly, one contributing factor in the development of epilepsy is a basic abnormality of electric brain activity. Abnormal waves correlate, too, with physical injuries such as tumors and with anatomical defects such as are found in idiocy.

One may infer that subtle differences which make each normal brain wave as distinctive as handwriting correspond to minor peculiarities in normal brain structure or function. But just how, is far from clear. True, *beta* waves are commoner among humans than among animals, and *betas* may speculate that they are, therefore, more typically human or more in-

telligent. But they speculate on statistics which Adrian has given them — and Adrian is himself an *alpha*! On the other hand, as Adrian and others have shown, any species of animal blessed with brain substance has *alpha* brain waves just as proper as those of any other species. The brain wave of the English water beetle studied by Adrian looks just like that of the eminent scientist.

The notion that brain waves are scientific proof of the reality of telepathy is without basis. Only by virtue of 2,000,000 degrees of amplification can scientists produce the little wavy line which now enables them to make a quicker and better diagnosis of some few afflictions. A thought, whatever it may be, is no more an electric discharge from a brain cell than a sentiment is one of the similar but more powerful electrical discharges from the heart. Despite brain waves, much about the brain continues to elude science. Before anything can be understood of the subtler brain-mind interrelations, there must be much study of minute brain peculiarities which give rise to individual wave patterns. Science has only begun to learn what the brain waves are saying.

INVESTIGATE THE ARMY!

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE American people have spent nearly \$2,600,000,000 for their army in the last five years, aside from the vast sums demanded from the present session of Congress. Yet we are continually being frightened by generals, Secretaries and Assistant Secretaries who glory in telling us how little we have received for our money. What is more, they are telling the truth — the army is indeed wasteful and inefficient. Despite the billions given to the War Department, we have the word of General Marshall, the new Chief of Staff, that our defense is not 25 per cent effective!

Before examining what is wrong with the army, let us record something of the progress it has made since the World War. The personnel as a whole stands higher than at any time in its history. The officers are better educated, have a much broader vision and are far more in touch with what is happening abroad and at home than ever before. The selection of General Officers has been taken out of politics and put into the hands of

the generals and the General Staff. There is only an occasional exception to the rule that the selections are made on merit, if my information is correct. The officers work harder, and consciousness of their responsibility for really training their troops and planning intelligently is beginning to penetrate them. The proportion of West Pointers to the whole number is far less, large numbers of officers having entered the commissioned ranks by other avenues, though the dominance of West Point still persists. The quality of the enlisted force has never before been as good in peacetime, especially since the depression. The army is now able to pick and choose and no longer has to take anyone physically fit who presents himself. The recent enlistment of 65,000 men was record-breaking both as to the quality of the applicants, the speed with which this large force was recruited, and the clever methods used by the army to make the openings known. The mechanization of so many regiments, providing oppor-

tunities to learn trades, and the easy retirement provisions under which non-commissioned officers not yet fifty may be discharged with comfortable security for life, make the service more attractive.

Now let us turn to the other side. Looking at the army as a whole, we find that many of its defects are due to maladministration and to an antiquated organization. For this the President and the Congress are chiefly to blame. It begins with the War Department itself. Here we have expert testimony. No one has as yet contradicted one of our best known officers, Major General Johnson Hagood, retired, who has written of the War Department:

It is so involved that no Secretary of War has yet been able to understand it, and no Chief of Staff, no matter how well qualified, has ever been able to keep it under control or to know just what was going on among his subordinates. . . . It is too big. It is top-heavy. It has too many independent agencies working at cross purposes to each other and with no fixed line of authority or responsibility. . . . The first and most essential thing in the development of a sane system of national defense is to have an organization in Washington that will stand up and function under the strain of war. This the War Department has never been able to do. It fell down during the Spanish War. It fell down during the World War, on both sides of the ocean and, as organized at present, it would fall down immediately upon the outbreak of another war.

Speaking of the officers General Hagood added: "They are efficient, unselfish and patriotic — but they are human, and no human being, no archangel of heaven could operate a machine that is as badly constructed and as complicated as the War Department is under existing law."

In both the War and Navy Departments the Secretaries — too often nonentities in recent years — become merely the mouthpieces of the dominating rings. They are usually stooges of the General Staff or the General Board of the Navy. Knowing nothing of the services and their duties when they take office, they readily yield to the blandishments of the professionals around them. What happens was put thus tersely by Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of the Navy under Theodore Roosevelt:

I had my head full of the great things I was going to accomplish. I know better now. My duties consist of waiting for the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation to come in with a paper, put it down before me with his finger on the dotted line and say to me, "Sign your name here." It is all any Secretary of the Navy does.

It is all that any Secretary of War does. If proof is needed of the way the army and navy have completely subordinated civilian authority to the military, it is to be found in the

fact that the Secretaries rarely appear before the House and Senate Military and Naval Committees which now deal directly with the Chief of Staff and the head of the General Board. If the chief officer is as able as Admiral Leahy, recently retired, the Secretary disappears behind him.

II

Of the retired officer critics, none is more telling than General Hugh S. Johnson, because he is a West Pointer with a fine war record and because he hits straight from the shoulder. He has repeatedly charged that the War Department is far from efficient. The Department, he writes, has recently been "politicalized and is beginning to be demoralized." It is riddled with intrigue, he insists, the abolition of which is "a problem of the first magnitude. . . . This is no time for political monkey-business in national defense." Citing General Marshall's assertion that our defense is not 25 per cent effective, General Johnson adds:

I would shudder to see a careful compilation of comparative unit costs — per soldier or per ton of shipping — as between our own and the armies and navies of all other nations. It would shock the country. It is no fault of army and navy officers.

But it is the fault of administrative military officers that they continue to carry on a wasteful, extravagant and ineffective system without protest to Congress and without demand for complete reorganization. I cannot recall any such recommendation by any Chief of Staff, or for that matter by any of the civilian heads of the War Department.

Instead they continue to complain about how little the billions appropriated have bought in terms of defense. Thus the present Assistant Secretary of War reports that there are dangerous "shortages in artillery, tanks, combat cars, airplanes, machine guns, semi-automatic rifles, anti-tank guns, anti-aircraft guns, ammunition, gas-masks, searchlights, telescopes, quadrants, gun-carriages." In addition he complains that the gun-carriages on hand are "of an old model designed more than forty years ago," as if that were the fault of Congress. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. Responsibility for that and many other failures rests in the first place upon the War Department. A few years ago General Johnson charged that the War Department had not then determined on the ultimate design of tanks, mortars, light cannon, anti-aircraft guns, automatic rifles and machine guns! This again is cer-

tainly not the fault of Congress, but spells the same rank inefficiency which has always, as General Hagood says, permeated the War Department.

Characteristic evidence of this inefficiency was given by Congressman Paul W. Shafer of Michigan in a statement made on January 30. He protested that "there has been so much waste and extravagance that it can't be overlooked," especially as "the army and navy are asking for still more money." One of a committee of Senators and Representatives who recently visited army posts and bases, he declared that the army manufactures 37-millimeter and three-inch anti-aircraft guns, and 16-inch coast artillery rifles at the Watertown, Massachusetts, arsenal, but sends them 225 miles to the arsenal at Watervliet, New York, to be rifled, when, of course, that should be done as part of the original operation. At Ogden, Utah, he found the army maintaining a depot to which ammunition is shipped for reconditioning from as far away as Hawaii. Just before the Congressional party visited this depot it had received a shipment from Hawaii, the freight charges on which from San Francisco alone came to \$210,000 — one way — although a complete recon-

ditioning plant could be erected in Hawaii for only \$30,000. At Charleston, South Carolina, where there is a similar plant, it costs the army two dollars a pound to haul ammunition from the city to the plant. At Fort Moultrie, across the bay from Charleston, the committee found sixteen-inch coast artillery guns which have not been fired for years because the Mayor has a summer cottage in front of them and the concussion would blow it off its foundations. Mr. Shafer found one proving ground installed at a "tremendous cost" to test air ammunition. Said he, "But they can't use it, because it is near the hunting preserve of a Democratic Congressman." "In the past," he went on, "we have appropriated great sums for the army. What has the army done with them? It has spent them foolishly. If Congress is going to appropriate great sums it should certainly find out what is going to be done with them."

A business man who recently spent four years as an officer in the regular army found "its administrative machinery ponderous and cumbersome and costly, many of its methods antiquated, though halloved by tradition and long usage." He writes in the *Forum*:

As a general rule I found the individual officers much more concerned with

their personal ambitions, their personal aggrandizement, than with the success of the army's primary mission in our system of national defense. I found a good deal of arrogance, of intolerance and contempt for views other than those held and promulgated by the all-powerful General Staff.

This officer is convinced that the army is caste-ridden, that there are "too many generals, too much General Staff, too much West Point," that the army "assumes a lordly attitude of being a destiny within itself, rather than an instrument of public service." He believes that the army is not "operated on sound business principles," as it should be, and represents "a tremendous waste of man power, of education and training, and consequently of money, in all ranks." "Everywhere you will find \$5,000 a year majors and \$6,000 a year lieutenant-colonels and colonels holding desk jobs with resounding titles, their duties consisting almost entirely of signing a few unimportant reports prepared by \$70 a month sergeants." This military critic was appalled by conditions in the post in which he served, the administrative cost of which runs from \$75,000 to \$100,000 more than necessary. Besides, he declares that there is no real justification for the existence of this post at all. Like every other intelligent observer, he would

"abandon out of hand some one hundred or so of our army posts which have no earthly value in our scheme of national defense, and concentrate enough soldiers at a few posts to permit of real military training. . . ." For forty years at least, to my knowledge, this state of affairs has been called to the attention of Congress, but for political reasons no Congressman votes to close a military post in a Congressional district.

Senator Thomas of Oklahoma, too, has protested against the failure of the War Department to show adequate results from its expenditures. On December 15, 1939, in Boston, he stated:

We are going to see if plans can't be made for a stimulation of the production of those semi-automatic [Garand] rifles. Do you know we travelled 10,000 miles, in and out of army posts, until we reached Fort Riley, Kansas, before we could find one of the new rifles . . . ? The expert marksman in the army who was to show us how the rifle worked at Fort Riley did not know how to shoot it. The gun jammed and he did not know how to fix it.

This after the army has been producing the Garand rifle for more than five years! Senator Thomas added that "the army was unable to show the committee members a single gas-mask during all its travels," and "the committee could find only four anti-aircraft guns

during the entire tour!" Surely the President and an efficient Secretary of War should not have waited a day to institute an official inquiry into this almost criminal inefficiency. Jay Franklin, the columnist, writing on December 7, 1939, charged the War Department with "imposing secrecy to conceal its gross inefficiency." He denounced the "military gnomes" and "bureaucratic trolls" who are "hiding behind the camouflage of 'confidential' and 'official secrets' to conceal" their failures. In most other countries charges like these would create a national scandal and lead to immediate parliamentary inquiry.

III

No other major army is as heavily over-officered as our own — 14,659 officers in 1939 with further increases scheduled which will raise the figure automatically to 15,000 officers for 220,000 men, or one officer to about every fourteen men, to which must be added the large number of reserve officers called into service for one reason or another. It is necessary to go to comic opera armies of Central America for a parallel to this. The official explanation is that we must have trained officers ready to com-

mand the armies to be raised in the next war, since the War Department always assumes that the next war will again call for our raising millions of men to go overseas. Obviously such numbers are not needed to defend the United States and they could not even be moved overseas unless we should again have foreign aid, since British and other foreign-flag transports carried over 56 per cent of our army to France in 1917-18. This official argument is capable of indefinite expansion. Could not the War Department say that it needs 100,000 line officers ready for an army of two million, and demand them now? Fortunately that would be so costly and absurd that not even a Chief of Staff would think of urging it, but year by year the number of commissioned officers is increased.

Meanwhile the War Department has the greatest difficulty in finding jobs for its 105 generals, and its hundreds of colonels, many of whom can never have the opportunity to command regiments. The great surplus of officers makes for waste motion and extravagance. It does not insure efficiency, or even well-trained commissioned officers. A man may today rise to high rank without being adequately trained to handle even

small bodies of troops. Some of the worst failures in the World War were West Point generals. If the reply is that the army has not enough soldiers for the officers to train, that is merely another device to increase the army. Actually, according to General Douglas MacArthur when Chief of Staff, one out of every three enlisted soldiers is not available for military duty, because he works as a laborer in keeping our 422 posts, barracks and forts in order and does other non-military work, such as landscaping, washing windows, growing vegetables and waiting on officers. In no other army in the world that pretends to be first class is there a similar situation.

Another severe criticism, made privately by officers who do not dare speak out lest they feel the heavy hand of authority, is the matter of secrecy. What they complain about most is that no officer can have access to the secret files pertaining to himself. An officer's main hope of advancement depends upon his efficiency record, and that should be open to him. The late Congressman McSwain, long chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, was bitter about the present situation, and proposed to have legislation enacted giving every officer the right of access to

his own record in order to protect him from hidden action, from unjust accusations, and even from favoritism. The present system makes for timeservers, bootlickers, and subservient subordinates, concerned only with being in the good graces of their superiors.

What is the immediate need? In the first place, Congress should demand information as to every army appropriation, explicit statements as to why, when, where, and how it is to be expended. Nobody today is in a position to require a full report from the army on what it has actually done with appropriations, and whether the people have received a dollar's worth of defense for every dollar of expenditure. There is no authority to co-ordinate activities, to simplify purchases and expenditures and to demand the constant modernization of the business machinery of the army. It certainly ought never to be possible for an officer to spend two whole days, with the services of one soldier, in taking an inventory of the fire-hose of an army post, or to spend a whole week in counting the boards in a pile of lumber. I know of a case where one officer insisted that the sheets of paper in scratch-pads should be counted. Above all, the American people ought to be told whether, as

charged by some officers, the army and West Point are today dominated by the Prussian ideals of Frederick the Great.

An immediate, searching and unbiased inquiry into the whole question of defense and into the obvious weakness, extravagance and inefficiency of the army is essential. A joint resolution to that effect has been offered by Congressman Shafer on the ground that

vast expenditures are being made without the slightest guarantee that they make for a saner and better defense; that wasteful, unco-ordinated and un-directed military expenditures are being annually increased, that none the less there exist amazing shortages in supplies of fundamental military importance, and that there is no hope of balancing the federal budget without a definite limit upon army and navy expenditures.

He therefore urges that Congress appoint a commission constituted of civilians only, to be appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to determine upon a national defense objective for the United States and to bring about efficiency and economy in that defense. Such a commission has already been endorsed in principle by General

Johnson, Colonel William J. Donovan, Major George Fielding Eliot, Hanson W. Baldwin, General William C. Rivers, by the Committee on National Defense of the National Peace Conference, and numerous other organizations. It is a proposal which should appeal to every business man in the country. The commission should be made up neither wholly of pacifists nor of militarists, but of hard-headed, open-minded civilians, ready to weigh the evidence carefully and not to be unduly influenced by the testimony of army and navy officers.

The first to welcome such a commission and inquiry should be the army itself. The purpose is not hostility to the service, but aid in achieving the unquestioned aim of the army — the safeguarding of the United States by the most economical, efficient and American defense methods. The army will profit enormously if its machinery is properly reorganized, modernized and democratized. The taxpayer, now so embattled, will be tremendously aided if every dollar expended for military defense is made to give a hundred cents' worth of return.



I AM A COURT STENOGRAPHER

BY MARGARET SEARLE

EVERY day I am in the company of criminals. I sit close to murderers and robbers. I am ogled by embezzlers and fire-bugs and divorce-seekers.

"Why did your husband throw his plate at you?"

"Because he said he was sick of tuna fish."

This is the sort of thing which I am daily called upon to record. Stenographers in offices, taking down yours-of-the-tenth-received, would be startled by my pages. But I submit that even as tuna fish has more flavor than yours-of-the-tenth, so is the job of court stenographer more pungent than office stenography.

The court in which I am employed is, I think, fairly typical. In a middle-sized city in the Middle West, it has a middling number of civil and criminal cases on its docket. Into our courtroom come average litigants — burglars and killers, forgers and will-breakers, swindlers, sex-criminals, and bank presidents. As each of these citizens takes the stand, it is my job to

take down his testimony. The resulting notebooks would make the works of Hemingway and Faulkner look like *Elsie Dinsmore*. During a single week I took down a detailed account of a rape; I participated in the dispensing of eight divorces; I recorded the smooth replies of a dressy but defaulting cashier; after hours I worked on the transcription of a marriage annulment, wherein a spade was frankly called a shovel.

The court stenographer is generally a political appointee, holding office as long as the judge who has chosen him. Quite rightfully the job is considered a plum, as it is well paid and its hours are short beyond the dreams of John L. Lewis. My own routine is representative. The day begins at ten with the opening of court, allows a noon recess of two hours, and ends at five during trials and earlier otherwise. Even while on duty I am called into action only when there are witnesses on the stand, since arguments are not generally recorded. Between calls I work on

transcripts or, if there is none on hand, kill time as best I can. My life, like a fireman's, consists of long stretches of idleness between moments of intense action.

Indeed my office has a firehouse atmosphere of garrulous leisure. Many people wander in and out — townsfolk down at the courthouse on various missions; newspaper reporters wanting excerpts from the testimony; jurors waiting to be picked and witnesses waiting to be called; young lawyers with more time than clients, telling how that case *should* have been tried. The surroundings are colorful, if not exactly elegant. As I am in charge of the "exhibits" during trials, there are usually some strange and sinister objects lying around. Sawed-off shotguns, blood-stained knives, the charred wicks of a firebug, the torn dress of a young girl. Before Repeal the room often looked like a speakeasy, with bottles of confiscated whiskey and samples of bathtub gin.

The real excitement, though, is in the courtroom beyond — that big, gloomy chamber, dingily imposing in the Victorian manner. A room that is usually stifling — but it's not the heat, it's the humanity! In this setting each term I chronicle a complete repertory of comedy, tragedy, and farce, thrillers, tear-

jerkers, and slapstick. As someone has said, there is less Blackstone than Belasco in most trials; and it is true that practically every trial has some element of drama. The moment of the verdict, for instance, is often more effective than the most sensational third-act curtain on Broadway.

II

Though not a speaking part, my role has its advantages. In order that I may catch every word, I am placed nearer the witness stand than anyone else; so near, indeed, that I could reach out and pull the leg of the witness, if leg-pulling weren't reserved for lawyers. When the testimony is actually being presented, I have no time for anything but listening. Even the most insignificant word must be recorded. If a witness has been asked, "Did you kill him?" the record must show whether he replied "No" or "Oh, no," "Well, no," or "Hell, no!" "About" may seem a vague, spineless little word, but it has sometimes proved of considerable importance. In one case involving an automobile accident, the plaintiff was asked just where the cars came together. "About thirty feet down from the gate," I recorded his reply. It happened

that "about" thirty feet down from the gate was the county line. The case was not in our court's jurisdiction.

The court reporter must therefore learn to impale each little word and exclamation. That calls for a good deal of practice. We have special notebooks with various indentations for questions, answers, and rulings of the court. We disdain the pencils of office secretaries and use fountain pens, which require less pressure and are therefore less tiring to the hand. We employ complicated symbols — one for whole questions such as "What is your name?" and "Where do you live?" and "Have you any children?" Special curlicues suffice for those little courtroom gems such as "He gave me a black-eye" and "He called me a liar." For the stock legal expressions, each reporter seems to work out his own devices. "I object to that as irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial!" shouts an attorney. I jot down a strange home-brewed symbol, comprehensible to me alone. "Objection sustained!" rules the judge. Down goes the symbol for "ob," terminating in a sort of curly tail for "sustained," suggesting the profile of a hog in sitting position.

But it's not the judges and attorneys who give us the most

trouble. It is the witnesses, who are less experienced speakers and manage among them to violate every rule of enunciation, besides breaking all verbal speed limits. Each one, of course, presents a new set of problems for the stenographer. An office worker soon becomes accustomed to her boss's habit of mumbling his words or talking through a cigar or making an exhaustive study of her ankles. But the court reporter has a new boss with every new witness.

Women, with their proverbial loquacity, are the worst. Except for an occasional shrinking violet, they open up like sunflowers in June, telling all in a blaze of verbal color. At home they may be squelched by an impatient husband or bored friends. But in court a woman is given the most gratifying encouragement. Lawyers urge her on with questions. The judge listens with grave attention. And there are newspaper reporters taking down her words, quite as though she were Mrs. Roosevelt! So with zest she tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing (or everything) but the truth. With a fine freedom from reticence about laundering her soiled linen in public, she swishes it about in a glorious suds of words and hangs it up for all to see. With all

the delicate finesse of a kick in the pants, she tells her stirring tale:

"He come in drunk, and I'm already in bed, but he turns on the light and makes a lot of noise. And I say, 'What do you mean, doing this again?' And he says, 'You shut your mouth!' and comes over and starts hitting at me right there in bed. And of course I start hollering, and the landlady (we were living in a furnished room) she comes running and comes in . . ." *et cetera ad nauseam*. The landlady, presently called as a witness, repeats the story, with choice embellishments as to her own role.

However, plenty of male witnesses rattle on at a merry pace, particularly those called for expert testimony — doctors, engineers and others — who take it for granted that everyone else is as familiar with their technical terms as they are, and rush along at a terrific rate, dropping four-dollar words like rain. Judge, jurors, and attorneys may sit tight and look intelligent even though they're not following. But the stenographer must follow right through.

There are other types of wearing witnesses. The cry-babies, whose words all melt together into a briny soup of sound. Those who speak broken English — often so badly broken that it's impossible to pick

up the pieces. Mumbler, bumbler, and those who "Er-r-r" and "Hm-m-m" — sounds which, however revealing, may not be included in the record.

It pays to speak clearly on the witness stand. If you lose your case and have to appeal, every word of your evidence must be transcribed, and the fees of court stenographers are high. In our district it costs 50¢ for a typewritten page of about three hundred words. Thus if you can answer a question in three words, even though it would be more fun to use three hundred, you will save yourself as much as half a dollar. Silence, if not golden, is at least definitely silver.

Besides the not inconsiderable financial rewards in a court stenographer's job there are others. Without unduly minimizing my teachers' efforts, I may truthfully say that I have learned much more in the courtroom than I ever did in school. Psychology? The courtroom is a full-time laboratory, with every lawyer and witness making his own little experiment and the jurors acting as the guinea pigs. Sociology? There was that child of divorce on the stand this morning in whose nervous wince was flashed the whole story of the modern disintegration of the family. Economics? There is our endless pro-

cession of deserted wives who, in testifying as to the living expenses of themselves and their children, show more about the value of the dollar than any statistical table.

I leaf through my notebooks at random. Great chunks of life in the raw nestle on their pages. This, from a divorce action, one of the scores that have passed under my pen-point:

Q. — When were you married?

A. — Twenty-nine years ago.

Q. — Have you any children?

A. — Yes, six.

Q. — When did your husband's cruelty start?

A. — It has been there all the time.

Q. — Has he ever threatened your life?

A. — Many times.

Q. — Did he strike you in August 1929?

A. — Yes, he kicked me. He and my son were having a little dispute and I stuck up for my son, and my husband kicked me in the mouth.

Here's that exuberant young Tony talking at me out of another page. I smile now, as the jury did then, as Tony talks himself into a prison cell, despite the efforts of his attorney to shut him up. He had just insisted that he hadn't touched a drop in that tavern when the fight started. But now he is recalling the thrilling moment of the battle and his tongue outruns his good sense:

Q. — Will you please tell the court —

A. — I was just in there talking to the fellas, and then the fighting starts and everybody pushing around and it's something awful —

Q. — Will you please tell the court —

A. — And they all go pushing around, and this fellow he barges up to me and he pitch right into me. Why, he *knock the glass right out of my hand* —

What is the effect of all this life-in-the-raw on those who work in the courts? Does it give us the jitters or do we get to be comfortably hardened? Decidedly the latter, I should say. So accustomed do we become to the sins and follies of mankind that we can take almost anything in our stride. In fact I often catch my mind wandering as I jot down the harrowing details. Someone has said that there couldn't possibly be a hell, for in a couple of days one would be used to it. Likewise, when I have sat for hours within a few feet of a criminal, he ceases to be a criminal at all and is just another rather weary human being. In court one must deal with the utmost — and nutmost — in human conduct. But to anyone not afraid of close contact with reality, it pays real dividends in terms of human experience.

► *The problems of a whole region seen
through the experience of one town*

PORTRAIT OF A YANKEE TOWN

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

THE sun was warming the long rows of mills and tenements along the Merrimack that morning in Manchester, New Hampshire — the New England town which suffered the biggest and most dramatic item of industrial loss and from which, no less dramatically, has come the story of Yankee effort to meet Yankee difficulties. Old men along the streets sat in the sun, warming old bones. Children ran in it, shouting. A tall woman hung up her wash. From the outside, life seemed to have come back into the procession of brick buildings which had been the biggest textile mills in the world before their owners chose Christmas Eve of 1935 as the day for application under Section 77B for bankruptcy. That had been a colder day. It must have seemed a day when the world had come to an end. Manchester was the Amoskeag Mills, and the gentlemen filing papers about them in Boston must have seemed to Manchester people as remote as those who had started the mills and the town more than a century before.

Thomas Jefferson's grandson, T. Jefferson Coolidge, died at eighty-nine in 1920, when there were marvelous millions in the banks to the credit of the hundred-year-old mills he had built to hugeness in domination of the gingham market long before rayon began to take the place of gingham. At least once in his life he had believed what would have shocked his grandfather: "I believed myself to belong to a superior class, and that the principle that the ignorant and the poor should have the same right to make laws and govern as the educated and refined was an absurdity." His mills had congregated the alien if not the ignorant, and his mills had not made them rich. He died. And the rich and the refined who remained were as bewildered as the ignorant and the poor.

The town lived. Nearly 2000 people had slipped away between one census and another. There had been no similar count from the time the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company shut its last door in the face of its last employee to that day

when I rode past the old mills. There are more than fifty buildings on both sides of the Merrimack for a mile and a half. There was life in them. A big new cotton mill of a big cotton mill chain had operated in one part of the plant where the biggest cotton mill in the world had failed. It too had departed not long before. There were other industries, little and big. There were also signs of warehouses, where local retailers enjoyed a spaciousness possible only where space is cheap. There were signs hung on the brick walls before the sprawling, uncramped quarters of Federal government agencies. Halls were still empty, waiting for the garment maker or the shoemaker and all the congregation of little industries, called "diversified," which are almost everywhere now hungrily sought and kindly treated.

A Boston & Maine passenger train moved north along the tracks close to the long double and triple lines of many-storied red brick buildings. After the clatter of the train the mills themselves seemed ominously quiet. Industry is not necessarily noisy, but once there must have been a pulse if not a roar from the 700,000 spindles and more than 20,000 looms which in good years produced five million yards of cloth a week — almost enough to

gingham the world while women were willing to be ginghamed. I parked my car and walked down wide Elm Street. There seemed to be no more worn and idle workers than on other city streets. The windows promised them merchandise as diverse. Printed in French, a placard advertised an amateur opera. A black strand of sooty soft-coal smoke stretched from a puny chimney across the green of Merrimack Common. I took a seat there, close to a neat middle-aged man in a shiny blue suit. A fire wagon roared by to make us conversationalists. Later we talked of Amoskeag.

"Oh, we got another big industry now," he said. "I work for it."

"What's that?"

He laughed. "The WPA." Then he added wearily, "It's crazy. It's crazy. But they got to make us go through the motions. You know they got to make us go through the motions. But sometimes I sit here in the park and think about all those yards of gingham we made they said nobody would buy. Hell, I don't even know whether that fire wagon was going to a fire."

He spoke in bitterness, apathetically.

"They squeezed us and scared us. Some folks are scared yet."

He lit one of my cigarettes and

looked back across the smoke at the days when the death rattle seemed in the throat of the town. He told me how high the waters of the Merimack had risen in and around the mills in that fatal spring.

He shook his head. "I guess," he said, "you couldn't blame that on the people down in Boston."

"I'm afraid not," I told him.

The management was responsible for the failure of the mills, he thought. He mentioned particularly "old man Dumaine." He was talking, I knew, about Frederick Christopher Dumaine, the self-made Dedham man who had succeeded Coolidge as treasurer long before the mills failed. Dumaine was, I think, less a destroyer than a rather pathetic symbol of the bewilderment of New England's economic ruling class. Whatever his business ethics may have been in the financial maze which he made out of Amoskeag, they were also the ethics of his fellows. For in New England he remained, a director of the First National Bank of Boston and one of the first lords of the land. What he did is formally, if not always privately, approved. But the quality of his business ethics is less important, I suspect, than the dilemma in which he was caught with others even if he escaped with a fairly whole hide.

II

That dilemma was not restricted to Manchester or Amoskeag. Undoubtedly Amoskeag suffered from a sort of centralized senility in brick and stone, from absentee direction, part time direction (Dumaine was running Waltham Watch while Amoskeag was running down), perhaps from big salaries (Dumaine drew \$100,000 and his son \$24,860 a year), and a definite lag behind a changing market. Yet the mill came out of the war with millions in cash and Liberty Bonds. Unfortunately the prospect ahead did not look half so good as the piled-up profits. In the 'twenties the rich and refined who still ran the banks and the mills had to choose between taking their money in liquidation or risking it in a sickening industry in order to keep life in Manchester, which depended upon Amoskeag for half its payroll.

With maybe a surplus of shrewdness, the gentlemen and trustees of Amoskeag under Mr. Dumaine's leadership decided to do both. They had, they said, duties to shareholders as well as job holders. In a bewildering complexity of corporate finance shaped in Boston the "milking process," as the chairman of a Congressional investigating committee called it, started. They

separated a good part of the money from the mill. Congressional investigators suggested that some of the insiders unloaded on the public and that the loans of big Boston banks which were close to the mill management were too precipitately paid. Actually what seems to have happened was that old-fashioned New England financiers tried to save both their money and the mill and were more successful in saving money for themselves than the mill for Manchester.

It is not necessary to vouch for the innocence of financiers to recognize that they were caught in a real box. It may be the box New England will be buried in. Across the years, first from ships and then from expanding mills, the region has accumulated a vast store of capital in whose service it has also accumulated workers from every part of the world. But even before the depression of 1929 New England factories, particularly in textiles, were slowing down. Money could make its profit less easily at home than elsewhere. Mr. Dumaine was blaming Southern competition for textile troubles in New Hampshire, but he also said as director of the First National Bank of Boston that that institution was lending money to Southern mills. Men, even bankers, joined to save New England

industries; but as bankers, investment counselors, trustees, and individual investors men sent money to run competing industries elsewhere. Outside of Manchester, Amoskeag was a dramatic incident in a procession. But in Manchester villainy was human and suffering was human also.

"We are fighting for our lives to keep things going," said Mr. W. Rodman Peabody, member of the law firm of Peabody, Brown, Rowley and Storey, corporation director and president of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. John Adams' great-great-grandson, Charles Francis Adams, yachtsman, politician and trustee of Amoskeag, said, "We might have been damn fools, but we tried hard, and we were not impeded by any stock market transactions." He added significantly, "We went on longer than we should have gone on in the interest of our stockholders, from loyalty to this city."

The first lords of New England got out and it makes very little difference to Manchester's story whether they left as unappreciated patriots or unpunished pirates. The important thing was that they were gone and that they had shut the mills. Amoskeag's taxes had gone down. Its payroll had disappeared.

Relief rolls rose. If Manchester was to be saved, it had to save itself. Arthur Moreau, who organized the rescue corporation called Amoskeag Industries, Inc., belongs to the big French-Canadian group in Manchester which always had a big place at the looms but none in the management of the mills. The French and Catholic vote was behind him when he was elected Mayor. He is, however, no longer a little "hopping frog." A hardware man, he is a Republican, a director of the Public Service of New Hampshire, and now has an honorary Dartmouth degree.

III

He did a job. He worked with the little local leaders, bankers, utility vice-presidents, one old local millionaire, the local newspaper publishers. These Manchester men, to prevent the dismantling of the mills, got an offer from the master in bankruptcy to sell them the whole physical plant for \$5,000,000 — \$500,000 in ten days and the balance within thirty days. Moreau and other leading local citizens put up the \$500,000 payment which closed the deal. But unless the master in bankruptcy held them up on the price none of them risked much — or not for long alone.

The next \$4,500,000 was more easily secured. The savings institutions of the city took a mortgage on the properties for \$4,500,000. At the same time Walter S. Wyman, president of the New England Public Service Company, agreed to buy the mills' power facilities for \$2,250,000. The Amoskeag Mills had owned its own 16,000 kw. hydro-electric plant and other water power facilities on the Merrimack. Mr. Wyman is a business man not empowered by his stockholders to play philanthropist. Presumably, therefore, he got his money's worth. His payment for power was applied to the mortgage, cutting it to \$2,250,000 but reducing the value of the property by the same amount.

The mortgage was then increased to \$3,000,000, a sum in excess of what had been paid for the properties minus the power. If the bankers made that loan with the cold eyes of bankers guarding depositors' money, then the purchasing patriots had bought a bargain even at the money lenders' appraisal. If the bankers made the loan less cold-eyed, as local patriots, then they were being patriotic with other people's money — and little people at that. For the savings bank depositors provided the difference between what the stockholders paid

for the 6,800,000 square feet of manufacturing space and 760 tenements, and what they mortgaged them for. Every new industry in the long mills means new jobs, it also means greater value to the property owned by Amoskeag Industries, Inc., and a new consumer for Public Service.

There are new industries. In 1939 there was still room for more. Sixty per cent of the big emptiness had been filled by sixty-two concerns. There were between 3900 and 4000 employed at an annual payroll of around \$3,500,000. But in the summer of 1937 about the same number of workers was reported. In the old Amoskeag days, according to the present owners, there were nearly 17,500 workers. In 1920 the mill's payroll approximated \$15,000,000. It fell to \$4,537,329 in 1935 as the end approached. That dying payroll was larger than the combined payrolls of all the new industries which had been brought in to fill Amoskeag's place. Fortunately, two large shoe companies outside the Amoskeag yard had expanded operations. Some workers had left town, hopeless of finding jobs there, and others like my friend in Merrimack Common were on the WPA.

Amoskeag Industries, Inc., was not doing so well. By January,

1939, it had reduced its mortgages to \$400,000, partly through the sale of properties. But in 1938 the Pacific Mills plant which had come in, went out. In the year ending in August, 1938, Amoskeag Industries lost \$24,151.29. Losses in the next year rose to \$80,803.74. New indebtedness incurred to set up operating industrial subsidiaries in the old industrial properties ran the mortgage debt back up to \$1,173,000. The company also owed \$543,000 to stockholders. "We are still optimistic that the final results will be satisfactory," the management said.

Men were working, making cheese cloth and bandages, tires and pajamas, electrical instruments, metal abrasives, toys, caskets and soup. Space was being occupied for storage of tonics and dry goods and wool and leather and food. There were even lawyers and real estate men in the old tenements. Maybe some of those who moved in had moved out of other towns, creating problems behind them like those which their coming helped to solve. Massachusetts had made official complaint about the grabbing. New England as a whole has complained about industries moving South and West. But movement is always welcome at the receiving end, in Manchester as in Missis-

issippi. Probably the swift poverty of Manchester cut more cruelly than the long poverty of Mississippi. Men and women in the New Hampshire town knew what jobs were. Beyond cotton chopping, Mississippi never had had enough jobs. But both situations scar. In Manchester I doubted if any such superior class as that in which Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge once believed could or would soon erase the mark of the wound.

But above the city's streets the view from my room in the Carpenter Hotel picked me up like a drink. Down below me lay the chimneyed brick tenements with their granite-linteled windows. They looked somehow beautiful and sad under the nearly naked elms about them. In a great city someone would remodel them into apartment houses. Women in bright rayons would look out of their old windows. Beyond them the old, long, looming factory buildings erected for utility were beautiful, too, with the Merrimack running between them. Far away across the river was a striped red and white brick church steeple with its golden cross. In the middle of the picture was a smokeless brick stack, lean and beautiful against the sky.

The question of Amoskeag was not its strange loveliness but its

possible continuing utility. Old mill properties are old mill properties, and much of Amoskeag is very old. Absentee ownership on a grandiose scale was gone, but new absentee ownership had been welcome. Diversification has succeeded the blind, single-minded preoccupation with a product fewer and fewer people wanted. But little industries which come quickly may move as quickly. Even bigger ones like the Pacific Mills can come and go. Perhaps one of the flaws in old Amoskeag was the huge weight of its anchorage in Manchester. It was an elephant which both the politicians and labor could ride. It even once seemed such a mammoth as could continue to carry absentee management and too-avid profit-takers. Wide around its distended corpse a sense of security died, too. Amoskeag Industries, Inc., which labors to fill its rooms, will not quickly fill its place. More than new industries Manchester needs some magic to bring back the sense of safety.

Manchester, of course, is not the only town where very little men and bigger ones, too, seek that magic. I saw the search in Manchester in the big Carpenter Hotel that night. In a banquet room an emissary of Mr. Dale Carnegie was teaching a group of men and

women, who were clutching for personality and the stage properties of power, how to win friends and influence people. The little people, most of them men, each got up in turn and made a speech in the midst of which all the others made a clatter of interruption. Most of the men were turning into middle age and the few women were thinning or fattening into fixed spinsterhood. Each had his little minute of speech. Each was once the center of the interrupting clatter. Each was hoping hungrily toward power and attractiveness. Each was getting his money's worth of attention from the teacher and the members of the class. Each, at the teacher's direction, declaimed Burke's sentence, "If I were an American as I am an Englishman, I would never bear arms against my country, never, never,

never!" The "nevers" rose in the scale of emphasis. They roared out across the hotel lobby after me. Even on the street outside, the dramatic "nevers" of the little people sounded across the parking space between the hotel and the old tenements of the dead Amoskeag Mills.

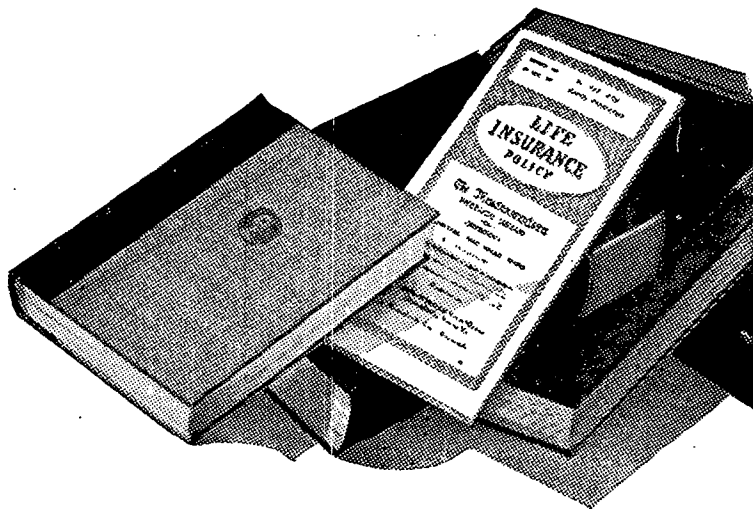
They did seem foolish. In sparsely furnished lives they were ready to take delusion to their hearts. They were perhaps that buffoon bourgeoisie lost between the determined and tough at the top and the determined and tough at the bottom. They were not inspiring, but I suspect it is their inarticulate hope and timid thrift which carries the world in Manchester as in Mississippi. The thrifty are not the thrilling. They are a little comic as they carry the world. And more than a little sad.



CAUTION TO SOCIAL REFORMERS

BY GEORGE V. PLEKHANOV

Not those of the crusaders who shouted "Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" at the sight of a new city reached their destination, but those who knew geography.



Some interesting facts about a famous

IT IS NO EXAGGERATION to refer to a life insurance policy as a "best seller." For today, in America, more than 64 million people own at least one, if not more.

Yet we venture to say that relatively few policyholders have ever taken the time to read their policies, word for word, from beginning to end.

Have you? If you have not, we urge you to do so, at once. The time it takes to read your policy could not be better spent, for it contains provisions of the utmost importance to you and to those for whose benefit you own insurance.

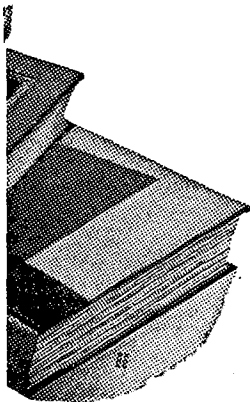
For example, let us consider four important provisions in a Metropolitan Life Insurance policy. All of them are required by law in most states. Their importance to you will be immediately apparent.

1. "Grace Period." Human nature being what it is, it is to be expected

that some policyholders may occasionally be a few days late in paying their premiums.

To take care of such situations, your policy, in accordance with the law, provides a grace period. This means that even if the premium has not been paid on the date due, the policy will be continued in force for from 28 to 31 days without penalty to the policyholder. If the policyholder should die within this period, the unpaid premium is deducted from the amount payable to his beneficiary.

2. "Misstatement of Age." Suppose an applicant for life insurance misstates his age—either knowingly or unknowingly—and the error later comes to light. Obviously, the difference between his *stated* age and his *correct* age has a bearing on the amount of insurance to which he is entitled for the premium he is paying. In other words,



"best seller"...

the company is obligated for the proper amount of insurance for the premium paid—more, if the age has been overstated...less, if it has been understated.

3. "Incontestability." Another provision in the policy states that the policy shall be "incontestable" after a period of 1 to 2 years. What does this mean?

It means that, in most states, the company is allowed a limited period in which to verify the information contained in the policyholder's application, and to contest the policy if that information is found to be untrue. Obviously, the company should be allowed a reasonable length of time to do this.

But, once this limited period has elapsed, the company cannot seek to void the policy because of incorrect statements the policyholder may have made in his application.

4. "Policy Constitutes Entire Contract." When two people sign a contract, both of them want to be sure that every provision and condition affecting their agreement has been set down clearly, "in black and white," in the document itself. They wish to avoid the possibility of either party, at some later date, attempting to introduce new and different conditions into the agreement—conditions which were not originally a part of the document itself.

So a life insurance policy, like any contract, must be complete in itself. The policy you receive contains *all* the promises made to you by the company, and *all* the conditions with which you, as the policyholder, must comply. No conditions or agreements which are not part of the document can be considered binding on either party.

These are only four of the provisions contained in your policy. The others are of equal importance to you. And so we repeat...the time it takes to read your policy could not be better spent.

COPYRIGHT 1940—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

This is Number 24 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



THE CREATIVE URGE

A Story

BY JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

The sleek, high-powered roadster purred to a stop at the portico of the swank East Bathampton Hunt and Polo Club. A girl got out. She was a lovely slim slip of femininity, with tawny hair and a creamy, rose-blush complexion, and all eyes were upon her as she walked toward the polo field with a boyish, athletic stride. "Gloria Vanderpool," one member of the gilded young horsy set murmured to his feminine companion, who nodded enviously.

But Gloria had eyes only for lean, strong-jawed Tony Marsden, who was now riding toward her on his magnificent polo pony, Tsarevitch III. The popular young sportsman-playboy-explorer smiled, showing his strong, white teeth. "Hello there!" he called, waving his mallet in jocular greeting.

"Hello yourself," replied Gloria, favoring him with a charming but somehow mocking smile —

Joe Banks leaned back from the

typewriter and looked disapprovingly at the ash of his nickel cigar. Then he changed the *hell*os to *hul*los, leaned back again and stared into space.

The space into which he stared was occupied by one *Webster's Unabridged*, one *Roget's Thesaurus*, an empty coffee cup, and a mess of cigar butts. These, however, were not the objects on which his attention was focused. A hard-working author, who had need of food and shelter as much as the next fellow, Joe Banks was conscientiously observing Gloria Vanderpool and Tony Marsden to see what they would do next. As he watched intently Gloria's boyish, athletic stride brought her to the side of Tsarevitch III. She patted the magnificent beast on its gleaming flanks. "*Hullo there, stout fella,*" she murmured in her husky but exquisitely modulated voice. Tsarevitch III looked around briefly, said "*Oh, for Christ's sake*" in a tired equine voice, and neatly

planted his two rear hooves on Miss Vanderpool's lean, athletic buttocks.

Joe Banks pushed back his chair and bit into his cigar in annoyance. He had promised himself he would finish this story tonight if he had to work through until daybreak. Here it was only eleven-thirty, he had been at work a mere two hours, and things were already going wrong. Joe Banks knew from long and painful experience that when wishful thinking began to intrude on the pure creative impulse it meant things were going wrong.

With a grunt he arose, crossed to the window and looked out at the rainy city night. Now was the time of all times he must concentrate, for he had reached what he called the "hump" of his story. Setting and characters were O.K. The last two thousand words were always a breeze. It was the "hump" that was tough. The "hump" was where Tony and Gloria had their weekly misunderstanding, and without it there wasn't any last two thousand words. Without it, also, there wasn't any check in the mail. Without it, when you took the long view, there wasn't any American magazine fiction. It behooved him to get over the "hump."

He concentrated. Last week Tony had misunderstood Gloria

when she had innocently accepted an invitation to a week-end on lecherous old Dempster Mackenzie's yacht. The week before, Gloria had misunderstood Tony when he and Lady Cynthia Fitch-Blythely had been photographed in their pajamas after the crack-up of the Bombay-Singapore airliner. (A *déclassé* number all right, that Lady Cynthia.) The story on which he was working now would be the 150th of the series. Joe Banks felt he owed it to Gloria and Tony to make their 150th misunderstanding something a little special.

His thoughts turned on polo. Polo suggested India. An Indian polo-player perhaps — a maharaja — tawny, svelte, inscrutable. In his mind's eye he followed the maharaja, who bore a remarkable resemblance to Tyrone Power, up and down the field of play. Upon his topee gleamed the great blue diamond which he had offered Gloria if she would come with him to his seraglio beside the Brahmaputra: the legendary Bakakuka diamond for which princes had died and empires been overturned. . . . No, it was no good. The Lady Cynthia misunderstanding had been in India, only two weeks before. India was out. . . . What else did polo suggest? Horses. Horses, Tsarevitch III, thorough-

breeds, horse shows. Horse shows reminded him of the smell of manure. The smell of manure reminded him of Adam Galt. . . . Joe Banks swore. He had promised himself he would not let himself get involved with Adam Galt tonight.

II

But there Adam Galt was. Joe Banks looked out of the window into the rainy night, and it was just the sort of night on which Adam was born — or rather, was going to be born. A heavy, teeming darkness over the Dakota prairies; the rough timbers of the lonely farmhouse groaning in the wind; Adam's mother enduring the birth pangs with pioneer fortitude; his father gazing somberly out the window at the great Plains. "What wonders cannot the future hold?" brooded the father. (That was 1892.) "What cannot this son of mine achieve in this great, vital land we call America?" That was to be the end of Chapter I.

Something inside Joe Banks swelled with pardonable pride. In Chapters II to VI, inclusive, Adam would lead the hard, rough life of an American farm boy, learning the homely wisdom of the plains, his bare brown feet sopping up the American Dream from the Ameri-

can Earth. In Chapter VII his mother would die giving birth to her fourteenth child and his father would be crushed by the iron heel of invading capitalism (details still to be worked out), leaving Adam with a solemn resolve to devote his life to a battle against the "system." Chapters VIII through XII would see Adam through his 'teens, supporting his thirteen brothers and sisters, riding the rails of freights, tasting the heady wine and bitter lees of life in fields and factories, freight yards and tankers, hobo camps, jails and chain gangs. At night, by the dim lights of railroad sidings and sewage-disposal plants he would read voraciously in the works of Schopenhauer, Epicurus, Spinoza, Confucius and Veblen. During this period he would also lose his virginity.

Things were not so detailedly worked out after XII, but XIII to XX, roughly, would take Adam through the First World War and XXI to XXXVII through the difficult period of post-war adjustment. The last seven-eighths of the book would be devoted to his experiences with industry, agriculture, commerce, trade unions, communism, fascism, success, power, café society and the Second World War. Also love, marriage, children. And at the very end he would stand in the

tower of the skyscraper he had built, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, and in his old, wise, compassionate voice speak the same words that his father had spoken at his birth.

Joe Banks turned from the window with a sigh. He could see the banner headline across the front page of the *Tribune* book section: "A Vital Document for Our Times." How in hell could a man be expected to give birth to a Vital Document when the inexorable laws of economic survival dictated that the finest, most creative years of his life be devoted to boosting Gloria Vanderpool and Tony Marsden over their weekly "hump"? God! how he hated that Gloria female. The only thing that enabled him to endure her without actual physical nausea was his solemn promise to himself that some day she and Adam Galt were going to meet. It would be at the swank fall meeting of the Bathampton H. & P. Club, which Adam, now a powerful tycoon, had been forced to attend by his foolish, social-climbing wife. Gloria's and Tony's misunderstanding that week would be over Gloria's enthusiasm for Adam's great, brown, earthy hands and her statement (to Tony) that "there is a man who gives me a real sense of power." In the last five

hundred words Tony and Adam would come to grips, only this time — the first time in thousands of to-grips-comings — Tony would get his. Easily, and with classic simplicity, Adam would strangle him. Then he would take Gloria by her Goddamned boyish, athletic neck and strangle her too. . . . Joe Banks' senses almost reeled with the beauty of the vision.

Suddenly, however, the vision dissolved and in its place was a typewriter. In the typewriter was a sheet of paper, and on the paper Gloria, alas, was not strangling at all but was looking up at handsome Tony on his magnificent mount, Tsarevitch III, and favoring him with a charming but somehow mocking smile. Joe Banks got a good grip on his cigar.

"Darling, you must beat them today," said Gloria.

Tony smiled — the gay, gallant, irresistible smile she knew so well. "Don't worry," he replied. "We'll go all out this chukker."

"But I'm so worried. These Argentines are Champions of the World, aren't they?"

"Don't worry," repeated Tony. He bent low in the saddle. "And after we've won I have a surprise for you. We'll take the little red Hispano-Suiza and —"

"But, Tony dear—" she began.
Oh, the heartbreak of it!

"You don't want to come?"

"Of course I want to come," she said, "but you know I've promised to go to the Hunt Cotillion with Captain Raoul della Isola y Madriquez."

A cloud passed over Tony's strong yet boyish face. His glance travelled across the field to where the trim figure of the Argentine captain sat gracefully astride his pony. Was that a sneer that was playing upon those finely moulded Latin features?

III

Joe Banks crossed out *finely moulded* and substituted *delicately chiselled*. His face was grim, and the cigar was poised at the menacing angle of a howitzer. If there was one thing that upset his metabolism even worse than Gloria's tawny hair and somehow mocking eyes it was the horrifyingly florid, hackneyed prose in which her saga had to be told. He again contemplated the roseate, Glorialess future. There would be none of this gingerbread and soda-pop verbiage when Adam Galt began his portentous pilgrimage across the world of American letters. "Lean, muscular prose," the reviewers would say. "Strong, vital

speech torn by the roots from the rich American earth." He watched, fascinated, as the door opened and Adam (now a labor leader) rose to confront "Crutch" Barkoff, most ruthless of the strikebreakers.

"Well?" said Adam.

"Scram," said Barkoff.

"Says who?" said Adam.

"Says I," said Barkoff. His hand tapped his pocket. "Says this."

Adam laughed. He took a cigarette from the table. He put the cigarette in his mouth. He lit the cigarette. "You bastard," he said.

Barkoff didn't smile.

"You been tipped," said Barkoff.

He took a step forward.

Adam said nothing.

"You better lay off them bo-hunks," said Barkoff.

He took another step.

Adam said nothing.

"And you better lay off that Rosie Wojchewiski," said Barkoff.

There was a soft crunch.

"Well," said Adam.

He covered the mess with a copy of the *New Masses*.

The grimness in Joe Banks' face relaxed and he contemplated the ceiling happily. If that wasn't lean and muscular neither was the Notre Dame football team. It was a pity magazines didn't pay by the line instead of the word.

A symposium of delicately chis-

elled Latin features leered at him from the typewriter. He jerked his chair forward and glowered at the keys.

"You can take your Goddamned Captain Raoul della Isola y Madriquez," said Tony in a loud voice, "and stick him —"

No, no. He struck out the words angrily and sat back again. He must calm himself, regain his usual professional objectivity, or he would not be able to squeeze out another word. And just as he was successfully negotiating the "hump"! Gloria wasn't such a bad sort, after all. Had been pretty decent, for instance, about that unpleasant Lady Cynthia affair. As a matter of fact she'd been damned decent about all her misunderstandings with Tony. At one hundred dollars per misunderstanding (less agent's commission). Say what

you would against the poor kid, she paid her way. That was a hell of a lot more than you could say for friend Galt, vital document or no vital document.

Something not unlike pride and defiance touched the face of the creator of that lovely slim slip of femininity who was known as Gloria Vanderpool. "It may not be art," he said firmly to himself, "but it is nothing of which I need be ashamed. It is sound craftsmanship. It brings glamour and romance into the lives of millions who would be the poorer without it. Wasn't it Emerson — or was it Elbert Hubbard — who said that if you do a good enough job, even if it's only building a mousetrap, the world will beat a path to your door?"

Joe Banks felt better. With calm, professional objectivity he bent over his mousetrap and began to insert the cheese.



LIQUID MOON

BY S. BLESSING FRAUMAN

TONIGHT the sea was very kind
When I stood upon its sands;
It brought a bit of moon to me
And poured it in my hands.

BROADWAY GOES SLAPSTICK

BY MICHEL MOK

IF, Heaven forbid, some future historian shall publish a book on the decline and fall of the United States, somewhere about the middle of the volume there will be a sad footnote about the state of Broadway in the season of 1939-40. A few holdovers from the era of social significance and self-search lingered on the boards, it will be recorded; but the New York theatre on the whole was given over to uninhibited slapstick, smartaleck farce, sex comedy in its lower registers, and similar fare.

While Poland was ripped apart by Hitler's mechanized army and Stalin's flyers bombed Finland, New Yorkers crowded such brain-proofshelters as the Winter Garden and the Broadhurst and screamed with delight at *Hellzapoppin*, a carnival of clowns and stooges, and *The Streets of Paris*, a burlesque show without strippers, admission to which was four dollars above the 40 cents usually charged by the Minskys. For months *Hellzapoppin* was the most popular and prosperous production in town, and the

quite un-Parisian doodad rivaled it in public favor. The standard of wit of those entertainments was that of the traditional revue skit, or blackout. The Standing-Room-Only sign was out regularly at the Music Box, housing *The Man Who Came To Dinner*, the Kaufman-Hart saga of a boorish lecturer and critic whose chief claim to the distinction of having his full-length dramatic portrait done by a pair of farceurs *à la mode* appeared to be a tendency to insult friend and foe with equal abandon. A bit farther down the street, at the charmingly plush and antiquated Empire, once headquarters of Maude Adams, Helen Hayes and Katharine Cornell, people were fighting for the privilege of reserving seats six and eight weeks in advance for *Life With Father*, a stage version of the late Clarence Day's popular stories about the egotistical, profane, explosive stockbroker who sired him.

The town also boasted such exhibits as *Du Barry Was A Lady*, a musical extravaganza glorifying the

American gents' room attendant; *See My Lawyer*, a frolic involving a trio of shysters hired by a millionaire madman to protect him from the legal consequences of his antics; *Too Many Girls*, a musical opus laid in a freshwater college where the virgins among the female students wore small green caps which they lost to roars of approval from the lads out front whenever things got dull; *Sky Lark*, a domestic knickknack in which Miss Gertrude Lawrence, with the aid of Playwright Samson Raphaelson, regained the attention of a negligent husband by the original device of making him jealous; *Margin for Error*, a none too skillfully contrived whodunit with a Nazi consul as its villain and victim; *The Male Animal*, a theatrical cartoon by James Thurber, the highlight of which was a scene wherein a college professor, stewed to the eyes, made a boozy speech comparing himself successively to a tiger, a seal and a penguin; *The Philadelphia Story*, Philip Barry's lesson that neither virtue nor money is everything, even in the Quaker City suburbs; and *Two On An Island*, in which Elmer Rice returned to the entertainment factory to show us boy meeting girl in the head of the Statue of Liberty.

While there was nothing wrong

with many of those contraptions and some of them were clever time-killers, the noteworthy fact remained that, toward the end of February, 1940, there were on Broadway only two pieces that could be classed as exercises in serious dramatic writing — *The Time of Your Life*, William Saroyan's waywardly composed but freshly lyrical symphonic poem about the people in a San Francisco waterfront saloon, and the revival of *Juno and the Paycock*, Sean O'Casey's hopeless, heart-tearing tragedy of life in the Dublin slums — but even they were advertised by their producers as a "gay-mad comedy" and a "laugh riot," respectively.

The foremost players of the American stage were absent from New York: Miss Ethel Barrymore and George M. Cohan were "at liberty"; Miss Helen Hayes trekked through the hinterland with *Ladies and Gentlemen*, a box-office gadget fashioned by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht from a Hungarian blueprint; Miss Katharine Cornell was treating the provinces to S. N. Behrman's splendidly titled trifle *No Time for Comedy*, and Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne were making sleeper-jumps in Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, invading the big town for

only one week to help the Finnish relief fund.

II

John Barrymore, regarded by many as the most distinguished native mummer, was the only ranking actor who visited New York. Mr. Barrymore, who had last been seen on Broadway fifteen years before in his magnificent *Hamlet*, did not return in a play even remotely appropriate to his genuine talents as an actor but chose for his comeback an unsavory dish of hash called *My Dear Children*. The hero of this work was an actor past his prime who still tried to play *Hamlet* in the theatre and Don Juan in private life, and the whimsical Mr. Barrymore saw in it a glorious opportunity for self-burlesque. He had been tearing up and down the country, playing the character in a state of real or pretended inebriation and interlarding his lines with "impromptu" quips which, according to reports, were supplied from day to day by the authors. The American public, which enjoys nothing more thoroughly than the twitchings, writhings and throat-rattlings of a fallen idol, showered him with applause and cash — the star's share of the proceeds of the masochistic exhibition was said to

amount to \$5000 a week. His arrival in New York turned into a Roman holiday and a city editors' picnic. The papers gave more space to his doings than had been devoted to any individual in the local-news columns for a good many months.

The drama critics were reduced in this 1939-40 season to the status of experts on screwballistics. Often accused by interested parties of being blood-thirsty fellows who murder playwrights, producers and actors at the drop of a curtain, the play-samplers gave ample evidence of possessing sweet and long-suffering dispositions. In the two previous seasons they had gone into justifiable raptures over Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, Robert E. Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*, Paul Vincent Carroll's *The White Steed*, Clifford Odets' *Rocket to the Moon*, Du Bose and Dorothy Heyward's *Mamba's Daughters*, the revivals of Sutton Vane's *Outward Bound* and Odets' *Awake and Sing!* and Maurice Evans' full-length *Hamlet*. Now those same reviewers adjusted themselves to a radical change. In an obvious desire to deal fairly with what was set before them, they trotted out their valuable adjectives in praise of shows which,

at best, were not much more than bright and expertly constructed entertainment devices.

Hellzapoppin was a case in point. When it opened in the season of 1938-39, which was rich in excellent productions, the critics of the daily press, with the sole exception of Walter Winchell, gave it a merciless drubbing, appraising it as a crazy-quilt of ancient vaudeville shreds and patches. The revue, madhouse, or what-have-you prospered in spite of the adverse notices, and when, the following season, a "second edition" was presented, the identical critics accorded it a kindly welcome. By that time most of *Hellzapoppin's* superior competitors had closed or taken to the road. *The Streets of Paris*, which benefited from the services of Bobby Clark, a raffish and amusing clown, and Miss Carmen Miranda, a Brazilian night-club cutie with a suavely sexy song-selling technique, was hailed as a harlequinade that surpassed *Hellzapoppin* in drollery and glamour, as undoubtedly it did. Thus the Olsen-and-Johnson stooge-fest, the critical whipping boy of the previous year, became a standard of comparison, and those who know the meaning of such portents felt in their bones that the theatre was in for a season of the doldrums.

Slowly those sad premonitions came true. As *See My Lawyer*, *Too Many Girls*, *Sky Lark*, *The Man Who Came To Dinner*, *Margin for Error*, *Life With Father*, and *Du Barry Was A Lady* were unveiled, it became clear that, if there were any playwrights left who had something to say, they had gone into hiding, and that Broadway had been handed over with a flourish to a group of more or less seasoned show-technicians conversant with the delicate connection between the ring of laughter in an auditorium and the ring of coin in the box-office till.

III

Producers asked to account for the phenomenon gave different explanations. Some of them, assuming thoughtful expressions, offered the theory that, with Europe in chaotic turmoil, with bloodshed, persecution, rapine and starvation rampant abroad, with newspapers and magazines dishing up a regular diet of international politics and sociological matter, American theatre audiences demanded to be amused. Other impresarios laughed at this dusty cliché. They admitted that they had produced laugh shows simply because laugh shows had been all that had come their

way. A manager, they were at pains to point out, had no choice but to sit in his office and wait for such scripts as playwrights wished to send him and then to select from those works the most interesting and commercially feasible item. It followed that if authors submitted nothing but comedies and farces, he was forced to pick what in his judgment appeared to be the best comedy or farce. And if those plays lacked literary merit, social implications or deeper significance of any sort — if, in brief, they had nothing to recommend them except their entertainment value — it should be remembered that the theatre was a business as well as an art and that producers were not in it for their health.

This explanation of the glut of frivolous stuff seemed to be the more reasonable of the two in view of the fact that American audiences were not too surfeited with tales of war, politics and social evils contained in newspapers, books and magazines to patronize motion pictures of a serious cast. While Broadway put on motley and capered in cap and bells, Hollywood repaired to the library and at last began to do its homework.

The indications were that the film industry, grown out of its

protracted infancy, now was emerging from its adolescence and entering upon adult life. The gangster pictures were a thing of the past, so was the G-man cycle and, the gods be praised, the screwball flickers, too, were disappearing from the screen. Complaints from exhibitors, as movie-parlor keepers like to call themselves, who had gone bankrupt handing out wads of cash as bingo prizes and buying such premiums as dishes, vacuum cleaners and kitchen clocks, without appreciable effect on the box office, had finally convinced the Hollywood bigwigs that their output wasn't all they imagined it to be. The manufacturers began to listen to those occupants of their payrolls whom, heretofore, they had held in deepest contempt — the literati, *i.e.*, the fellows who could read and write. For years that crowd of retainers had tried to tell them how to run their business. Early and late, in and out of season, they had advised the producers to forsake the worn-out stencils, give melodrama, sex, glamour and the U. S. Marines a much-needed vacation and cease relying upon personalities whose popularity, even after costly buildups, proved short-lived. It was, those literate lads had informed their bosses absurd to comb the country for story ma-

terial when an infinite wealth of stuff by the most talented scribblers of the ages, lay gathering dust on public-library shelves.

The first of the tycoons to give ear to such whispers was Samuel Goldwyn who, for his own amazement and the astonished delight of millions, produced a wholly creditable film version of *Wuthering Heights*. Encouraged by the artistic and financial success of the Brontë opus, other producers crept out of the bedroom and the nursery. Twentieth Century-Fox made its stark, completely honest photoplay based on John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, Hal Roach followed it with an equally sincere picturization of the same author's *Of Mice and Men*, and Warner Brothers with their courageous *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*, a biography of Paul Ehrlich, discoverer of 606, the specific against syphilis.

Those were the pictures which, in New York and the rest of the country, attracted enormous crowds, while the mountebanks on Broadway were swinging their bladders and slapsticks. For the remainder of the season, the Times Square theatrical producers promised a number of murder and horror plays. Meanwhile, on the Pacific Coast, the moviemakers were at work on film transcriptions of such books as Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, Joseph Conrad's *Victory*, Vincent Sheehan's *Personal History*, and Phyllis Bottome's *The Mortal Storm*, not to mention Charlie Chaplin's *The Dictators*. In the circumstances the conclusion was inescapable that Hollywood was recovering from its infantilism, that Broadway was suffering a severe attack of the same disease and, for the time being, was groping around in a dramatic blackout.



TO PILATE—MODERN ANSWER

BY HARRY KEMP

STILL as of old you cynically palter,
 Weighing in scales of gold the tested right:
 Truth is a god men slay on his own altar,
 Then burn his temple down to give him light!

CREDO OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Having lived and worked for many years in Russia, Japan, Germany, now France, this distinguished American journalist and historian is familiar with all the systems of life and thought now competing for world dominion — democracy, dictatorship, capitalism, collectivism. Because of his many-sided experience, his personal philosophy is of particular interest. — ED.

EVERYONE, consciously or unconsciously, lives by some personal credo, by some standard of values, by some likes and dislikes. When I try to sum up my own profession of faith, the main articles shape up as follows:

I believe most deeply and passionately in the creative value of human liberty, without which life seems to me devoid of meaning and savor. I could never for one moment remain the citizen, or rather the subject, of a communist or fascist state. The implication of this belief in the value of freedom is a deeply rooted distrust of any too assertive power and authority.

I believe in the absolute right of the individual human personality to full and free expression, subject always to the reservation that the rights of other personalities are not

infringed. In any conflict between the individual and the state, the church, the family, society, or any other more or less impersonal corporate body, my sympathies are always instinctively with the individual.

I believe in the validity of human reason — a poor guide, perhaps, but the best we have — against any kind of self-styled revealed dogma, religious, political, or economic.

I believe that power is the most evil thing in the world: its effect on character is almost always corrupting and vulgarizing. One cannot, unfortunately, get on altogether without it; in a complicated modern society life would become impossible without some elements of authority and direction. But I am, on principle, in favor of placing as

many restraints as possible on the exercise of power, whether by the state or by the private employer.

I believe that civil liberties, at which it is fashionable for "advanced" thinkers to sneer, are a most integral element in civilization. In fact I think the extent to which these liberties are preserved is an infallible touchstone for the quality of civilization in any state.

With a profound personal distaste for either giving or receiving peremptory orders, I believe in a kind of mild anarchism as the ideal state, where it would always be possible to tweak the nose of authority, should it become too pompous or too self-righteous. In referring to anarchism I would stress the qualifying adjective "mild." Carlyle once referred disparagingly to the liberal ideal of "anarchy plus a police constable." To me this seems an extremely happy formula: a state strong enough to maintain internal order, but not strong enough to carry on wars, carry out wholesale executions and banishments, and perform the other devilttries to which the strong state is prone.

At first sight my personal record seems to have been one of consistent espousal of unpopular causes. I was anti-war when America was crusading to make the world safe

for democracy. I was pro-Bolshevik at a time when Bolshevism, to the average American, meant first of all nationalization of women. I became anti-communist just at the time when a considerable number of left-wing intellectuals in America and elsewhere had come around to the belief that the Soviet system of planned economy, of the actual workings of which they were profoundly ignorant, was the hope of the world. And I am a firm isolationist, as regards American participation in any war that is not clearly dictated by the needs of national defense against direct attack, at a time when the war propaganda mills are again beginning to grind and it is fashionable to assert that America is bound inevitably to be drawn into the new European slaughter.

I do not think this frequent identification with the unpopular side of some disputed question is the result of mere contrariness. It is rather due to the fact that I am one of the dwindling number of liberals and individualists in a world that is being more and more shaped along collectivist lines. What I resent above everything is to see human beings mobilized, in war or in peace, conscripted in body and mind, used as instruments for realizing the will of some dictator or

ruling group. Any public work, however imposing it may be, that has been built by forced labor is to me tainted at the source. And, while this tendency to treat individuals as will-less pawns, to be set at forced labor, deported, sent into the trenches at the will of their masters, is especially strong in the dictatorial countries, there are also dangerous tendencies in this direction in the democratic countries. What is profoundly discouraging to me is the ease with which some men in responsible positions bring themselves to regard with favor the idea of war, not on some clear-cut issue of national defense, but for some consideration of ideological sympathy or some paper scheme of world order.

Civilization, as I conceive it, is the product of individuals, not of masses — and certainly not of tyrants and demagogues. It would be easy to compose a list of one hundred men of genius — philosophers, artists, writers, musicians, scientists, inventors — who have contributed more to the cultural enrichment and material progress of the human race than a hundred million ordinary people. This is why the present trend toward the extinction of individualism is such a serious portent for the future of civilization. It would be difficult to

name a creative thinker (except in the naturally neutral field of science) in the Soviet Union or in Germany or in Italy today. There are, of course, Russian and German and Italian creative thinkers; but they are in exile. It is almost impossible to conceive what a blight the continued existence of the totalitarian political and psychological pattern will lay on the future of European culture.

An inevitable corollary of my individualistic interpretation of life is absolute rejection of any form of race, class, color, or caste prejudice. The “proletarian” snobbery of the Soviet Union, the Nordic snobbery of Germany, the less destructive but equally silly class snobbery of politically democratic England are all equally alien and repugnant to me.

It was my Russian experience, supplemented and reinforced by subsequent residence in Germany, that made me an enthusiast for every guaranty of personal liberty contained in the Bill of Rights and the American Constitution. Freedom is like air: one is most conscious of it when it is absent. *Habeas cadaver*, which, as a witty journalistic colleague remarked, is the first principle of Soviet jurisprudence, made me much more appreciative of *habeas corpus*.

II

Believing, as I do, that the state is made for man, not man for the state, that the human being is an end in himself, not simply a means to be used as cannon fodder at the will of his rulers, what kind of political, economic, and social order is most desirable? Here I do not wish to succumb to the typically youthful quest for certainty and moral judgment of my twelve-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, who is constantly perplexing me with such questions as:

"Which government is better, the Japanese or the French? Who is worse, Stalin or Hitler?"

It is pretty obvious from experience that institutions which work well in Europe and North America are often inapplicable in Asia, in Africa, in South America. But if one takes the part of the world that during the last century has been, by any reasonable comparative standard, the most highly civilized, the Euro-American part, I should unhesitatingly say that political democracy, associated with a predominantly individualist economic order, has proved the most promising means of insuring the best material conditions for the greatest number of people, the highest cultural standards, and the least ob-

jectionable functioning of the state.

What is most to be feared is the concentration of power. Give absolute authority, political or economic, or both, to any small group of men (it is quite immaterial whether they call themselves communists, fascists, or something else), and the stage is set for disaster. There is no more costly or demonstrable fallacy — as many Russians, Germans, and Italians can testify — than to imagine that it is possible to purchase security by surrendering liberty.

Unfortunately, in the declining and disorderly world of the present time, the practical choice is often not between a good and a bad form of society but between a bad and a worse one. If I were compelled to choose which of the three post-war dictatorships I should spend my life under, I should consider the Italian the least objectionable, because the least sanguinary of the three. And, although a liberal by personal preference, I frankly prefer old-fashioned conservatism to communism or fascism. If Elizabeth pushed me into a corner with her questions, I should admit a preference for the Japanese regime or for Franco's dictatorship in Spain (so long as it does not assume a 100 per cent fascist character) to Soviet Russia or Nazi Germany. There is

at least somewhat more decency, honor, even respect for individual personality, in the conservative brand of authoritarianism than in the fascist-communist type. Not in spite but because of the fact that I am a liberal, I am an anti-revolutionary at a time when every major revolutionary trend seems to me to be pulling down civilization to lower levels. Our old civilization, mainly derived from Europe, has been on the defensive since the World War. I am afraid its final fall is heralded in the outbreak of the Second World War.

I consider myself as a liberal, and I believe my ideas are in line with the historical conception of liberalism. I must say, however, that I hesitate to use the word when I see what intellectual crimes are sometimes committed in the name of liberalism. Excessive reliance on a state that is assumed to be both omnipotent and benevolent is one characteristic of modern self-styled liberalism. Unreserved admiration of the Soviet Union, in my opinion the most illiberal regime ever created in the world, is another.

To me it is something of a comfort to reflect that if European civilization must fall, as seems only too probable, the process will not be according to the formulas of Marx. For I can imagine few

prophets under whose laws it would be duller to live. Consider, for instance, the one-sided dogmatism of the following Marxist *obiter dictum*:

The mode of production of material life determines the social, political and intellectual process of life in general.

The Russians, for their sins, have been condemned to lie on the Procrustean bed of Marxian theology for more than two decades. One of the results of this experiment has been a painfully labored effort to explain the genesis of every work of art by the price of wheat, the state of export trade, and other economic data of the period when it was created. An example of this method of higher criticism was the following precious bit of absurdity, in whose existence I should scarcely have believed if I had not heard it myself at the political lecture which was formerly a regular accompaniment of Moscow concerts:

Now, comrades, we shall hear tonight Glinka's *Russian and Ludmilla* Overture and Mozart's *Jupiter* Symphony. The cheerful tone of the overture is explained by the fact that it was composed when Russian trade capitalism was expanding and Russian textiles were penetrating the markets of the Near East. You will notice some wavering in the music of Mozart. This is because the composer, during his lifetime, was always wavering between the declining aristocracy and the rising bourgeoisie."

III

No; socialism, absolute state dictation of economic life, whether in its complete Soviet form or in its incomplete Nazi and Fascist forms, seems to me to offer no hopeful solution of our economic and social problems. Wherever it has been introduced, it has brought servitude, both of the mind and of the body, far worse than anything known under individualist systems. A general victory of communism or fascism would, to me, be the end of the present cycle of civilization. In the countries that still remain free, intellectuals are under a special moral obligation to combat both these forms of demagogic tyranny, of abdication of human reason, always taking care that in opposing one form of the current attack on liberal civilization they do not fall into the arms of the other. For among the many points which are common to the communist and to the fascist is a ferocious hatred of the freethinking intellectual: the capacity for critical thought must be exterminated, if these fraudulent schemes of salvation are to survive. And this process has already gone ominously far in the Soviet Union, Germany, and Italy.

I should certainly not wish to nourish the illusion, so widespread

in America, that there is some simple recipe for a satisfactory life, to be learned by reading a book. There is a vast variety of human tastes, and one man's pleasure may be another's purgatory — one of the many reasons why collectivist schemes to promote human welfare in mass production fashion are doomed to fail. And I can scarcely consider myself a representative American, or, indeed, a representative product of the age in which I am living. My preferences in reading, my indifference to science and invention are perhaps more appropriate to the nineteenth, even to the eighteenth century than to the twentieth. And I rate very highly among the blessings of civilized life the sense of security almost completely denied us in an epoch of wars and revolutions.

In personal terms, the qualities which seem to me most conducive to happiness are steady nerves, ability to bear good fortune with moderation and bad fortune with constancy, insensitiveness to petty irritations, a sense of humor, a sense of balance and proportion, and an infinite capacity for doubting and questioning. Few things are more objectionable to me than what a friend once aptly described as "the cocksureness that is so obviously based on the most dismal

ignorance." And I consider that fanaticism, however honest, is one of the most harmful and destructive of forces. Other qualities which I should add to my list of desirable traits are self-reliance, ability always to fall back on the reserves of one's inner self, ability to profit intelligently by criticism without being unduly influenced by it, ability to concentrate on every problem one's own reason and judgment, equally uninfluenced by temporary majority opinion and by the tinsel of wealth, rank and reputation.

By what philosophy should one live? Here I offer only a personal answer to an essentially personal question. I have been most strongly influenced by two currents of thought, one Stoic, the other Epicurean. The first is that of the emperor-philosopher, Marcus Aurelius. He has come closer than any other man to formulating a pragmatic, realistic philosophy of life, free from exaggerations of optimism and pessimism, equally free from the silly overweening vanity about human powers which is cultivated in the modern dictatorships and from the unreasonably servile abasement that one sometimes finds in the writings even of such great religious thinkers as Augustine and Luther. Along with this serious Stoicism of Marcus Aure-

lius I esteem very highly another school of thought that also stems from ancient Greece, the mature, infinitely civilized wisdom of such modern French thinkers as Anatole France and Remy de Gourmont.

I sometimes wonder what sort of world Elizabeth will inherit. In one thing, her American citizenship, she is at least relatively fortunate. No matter what follies America's rulers and masses may commit, geography will save the country from the worst that may only too probably happen to Europe, now that the thin thread that held back the Damocles sword of war has snapped. Nothing is more foolish or more futile than for a parent to try to plan and direct a child's future. As an incorrigible individualist myself I hope she will never surrender the last secure refuge of the individual, the sense of his own personality. And I commend to her a mariner's prayer of old Greece. I do not remember the exact words, but the sense is as follows:

"You may sink me or you may save me, Poseidon. But whatever you do I'll hold my course straight."

There have been few wiser and finer statements of the proper attitude of conscious man toward the immense but unconscious forces of nature and of chance by which he is surrounded.

LUNACY MARCHES ON!

THE astounding information that Poland planned to conquer the world and therefore had to be stopped by its German neighbors was released by Herr Dr. Joseph Goebbels in a speech in the old Polish city of Posen:

Poland has been instigated to set the world ablaze so that the London plutocrats might warm their clammy fingers at the conflagration, but as a result of Poland's insane aspiration for world power, our *Blitzkrieg*, unique in world history, annihilated that country in eighteen days.

* * *

The rest of the extraordinary story was recounted to an audience in New York's Harlem by James Ford, twice Communist Party candidate for Vice-President of the United States. Ford, as reported by the Pittsburgh *Courier*, offered the following conclusive proof that Russia and Germany had to invade Poland in order to save Africa:

Now let us consider the case of poor little Poland, over which so many tears are being shed. The imperialistic aims of the reactionary Polish government are well known to all of us. Poland has long planned secretly to grab off a piece of Africa and to enslave the Negro peoples there as she oppressed the White Russians, the Jewish people and other minorities at home. She did not renounce these

plans even after her clash with Germany. But the Soviet Union put an end to all such imperialist plans. When the invincible Red Army marched forward to establish peace and freedom in the so-called Polish regions, it not only liberated the oppressed minorities there, but it also ended all Polish hopes of African conquest and struck a blow for the darker exploited colonials throughout the world.

* * *

Alexis Tolstoy, Soviet novelist, tells Britishers and other infidels what they are missing, in the Moscow *Pravda*:

Stalin knows what should bring happiness to Finland. He, more than anybody else, knows what will bring happiness to all peoples of humanity. He thinks of everything that may give joy to every moment of every human life. There is not one single human being who is not his friend, and for whom he would not give all his heart. *Oh, how much happier would the British people be if Stalin consented to organize their bliss!*

* * *

Benito Mussolini's superior ethics enabled him to bomb and bombard the Ethiopians into submission, says the Cremona *Regime Fascista*:

The Duce . . . acts on the basis of our national ethics and his genius guided the codification and realization of the new fascist ethics of our armed forces. Thus when our divisions left for East Africa, they were sure of victory.

KIT CARSON

By STEWART H. HOLBROOK

WHEN John C. Frémont, the Great Pathfinder of American history, was preparing for his first expedition in 1842, he looked around for a likely guide. One Kit Carson of whom he had never heard applied for a job. Frémont asked him if he had had any experience as a Rocky Mountain guide. Kit then made his classic reply. "Reckon so," he said as he spat a full twenty feet. "A ten-prong buck warn't done sucking when I last sit on a chair."

It was true. No man, not even Dan'l Boone, was on the move so continuously as Kit Carson. As early as 1830 the Rockies, the Columbia River and the Pacific shore were old stuff to him. His ability to go anywhere without a compass and to come out where he had planned was said never to have been equaled. The record would indicate that he was the greatest Pathfinder of them all, but he had no object in his roving other than to allay his restlessness. Otherwise, he would loom much larger in sober American history, instead of being

relegated to folklore and frontier literature.

A small man physically, he was five feet six inches and never weighed more than 160 pounds, all of which was steel spring. The man was almost indestructible. He was perhaps the softest spoken and most modest of all the boys who took on grizzly bears hand-to-hand, fought Comanches to a standstill and could exist for days merely by chewing his buckskin leggings.

Kit was born in Kentucky in 1809 and moved to Missouri with his family. Apprenticed to a saddler, he immediately ran away and was soon acting as hunter and guard for a wagon train trading into Mexico. He got his first hostile Indian when he was sixteen by drilling him through the head at 75 yards. He went out with several trapping expeditions for the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, always returning to Taos, which he liked to call his home even if he was seldom there.

The first trip with Frémont wasn't very exciting, but there was

plenty doing on the others. At Klamath Lake in the Oregon country, the Frémont party was surrounded by hostile Modocs. Kit crawled on his belly out onto the vast lava beds, alone, and picked off a Modoc here and there until the red men thought they were trying to fight a devil, and went away. Kit led his party into California. Here a band of thirty redskins ran off with a number of horses belonging to the party. With a man named Godey, Kit followed the thieves, finding them encamped in the Sierras. Kit and Godey proceeded to attack the thirty Indians and routed them, killing four and taking the scalps for proof. They also retrieved the horses.

Then the Mexican war broke out. Apparently without orders, Kit marched alone one night on the Spanish fort at the Golden Gate. He had a mess of common rat-tail files in his pocket. With sentries all around him, Kit spiked every gun in the fort and returned to his own camp before daylight. "I reckon," he said, "they won't fire them guns now." It was one of his greatest exploits.

Frémont was often in trouble and was finally cut off from other American troops by a superior force of Mexicans. Taking a Lieu-

tenant Beale with him — "Got to make it legal," he said — Kit crept through the Mexican lines and got word to Commodore Stockton, who sent relief to the Americans. Kit was mentioned in orders again. Stockton converted Frémont's men into a navy battalion of mounted riflemen, and Kit went along. The force sailed for San Diego and Kit put in the worst week of his life, being horribly seasick. He never forgot this voyage and often swore that he would sail no more "so long as mules has got backs."

II

By this time the imperial Americans had proclaimed California to be a territory of the United States, and Kit performed the feat that made him a national character. Frémont made him a lieutenant, gave him fifteen picked men, and sent him overland to Washington with dispatches reporting California's capitulation. On September 15, 1846, Kit and his crew rode out of Los Angeles on the 3000-mile trip, much of it through hostile country. Two days out they ran into a large village of Apaches. Kit rode ahead alone, into the village. He spoke to the red men in their own tongue to such good effect that he and his men were

allowed to pass. But a white villain barred the way. He was General Stephen W. Kearny, heading west with an army to subdue California. Word that it was already in American hands did not please him. He forbade Kit to continue to Washington. Kit obeyed but warned the General that the way west was full of danger just then. Unheeding, Kearny ordered the march. Fifty miles from San Diego they ran into an ambush. Kit had a horse shot from under him, Kearny himself was twice wounded, and forty Americans were killed.

But the army got through, and now, with both Kearny and Frémont on the glory ground, Kit was permitted to start for Washington again. This time he made it with great speed and delivered the dispatches that electrified the nation. It was the Lindbergh feat of the day, and Kit Carson's became the front-page name. But the Government didn't treat the hero very well. His army commission had never been confirmed and he found he had no pay coming for having risked his life continuously and also for having performed a feat that few Americans could have accomplished. Fed up with army and political knavery, he turned to ranching. It was altogether too quiet. He up and bought more

than a thousand sheep in New Mexico and drove them through bad-Indian country to settlements on the Eastern edge of the Rockies, where he sold the lot. It appears to have been his only business venture. He now hiked over the Rockies to San Francisco, and was feted as a hero in that wild city. He turned to guiding bodies of American troops against marauding Mexicans and Indians, and once led ten men on an attack that routed between 300 and 400 Indians.

When the shot was fired at Sumpter, Kit didn't know where he stood. This war over slavery was something entirely beyond his simple comprehension. But Frémont, now a major general, knew a good man when he saw one. He personally lined Kit up for the North and saw that he was made a brevet brigadier general of volunteers. It was a notable appointment. During the next seven years Kit led his troops against Indians who saw the Civil War as a time to exterminate the palefaces. He held them in check, often cracking down on them hard, and fought some of the fiercest guerrilla warfare this country has ever seen. They managed to get General Carson into gold braid for a few days, but he presently turned up in his old buckskin togs and wore them until

the end. All the fighting was just good fun to him, compared with learning to write his name, which he thought rather foolish but finally accomplished. A number of historians have said in print that Carson's work on the frontier during the Civil War was one of the most necessary campaigns of the time, and brilliantly conducted.

He continued his efforts at subduing the wild lands until 1867. Then, tired and broken by more hardships than most men live through, he resigned. The last of his three wives was dead. Kit went to Fort Lyon and the soldiers there were happy to give the old hero what he asked for. It wasn't much: a bed of buffalo robes on the floor of a house in Officers' Row. He made his will and asked to be buried in Taos. He was really ill. The post doctor forbade him his pipe and put him on a diet. Kit grumbled no end about a man not having his pipe, and on May 23, 1868, he could stand it no longer. He lay on

his buffalo robes and said: "Bring me some fust-rate doin's. Bring me a buffalo steak, a bowl of coffee, and my pipe." The Army doctor warned Kit that such a meal would kill him. "Don't matter," said Kit. He ate two pounds of steak, drank a quart of coffee and smoked his pipe. He allowed he felt a heap better, and then he turned over and died very quietly. He was buried with full military honors and his body taken to Taos.

Men who knew him only by reputation were astonished that such a daring man should have died with his boots off. Those who had ranged and soldiered with him were not. They said Kit was too tough to be killed; he simply had to wear out. And that's what he did, aged almost fifty-nine, and wrapped in buffalo robes, and he went directly into more American legends and dime novels than any man except Jesse James and Dan'l Boone, who had been Kit's grandfather.

THE FEDERAL FOOD-STAMP PLAN

BY DON WHARTON

IN fifty American cities a poor man's relief dollar will buy a dollar's worth of staple groceries plus fifty cents' worth of eggs, butter, pork, flour, fruits and vegetables. The half-dollar food bonus enables the relief family to eat the nation's surplus foods rather than watch them rot or be burned or dumped into rivers. This is the Federal food-stamp plan which most of us have heard about and have not fully understood. By June the plan will cover 125 cities. Nearly 2,000,000 persons will be using the stamps.

Everybody likes the stamp plan, I judge after traveling 4000 miles, visiting eight cities in the South, Southwest, Middle West and East. Relievers like it because it means more food, better food. Farmers like it because it means larger markets and protects prices from being wrecked by surpluses. To grocers, wholesale and retail, it means more customers, more business, greater profits. Bankers, chamber of commerce secretaries, and businessmen in general are glad to

see more money circulating in their towns. Politicians know it pleases their constituents and means their poor are better fed without extra cost to their own communities. Social workers and doctors approve because it means better diet for the poor, hence better health and eventually decreased costs of charitable medicine. Railroad men like it because it means more freight traffic. New Dealers, conservative Democrats, Republicans all like the plan and welcome its gradual displacement of the old direct-purchase plan of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation. Under the old plan the FSCC, on finding that a surplus of grapefruit, say, was wrecking the market, bought carloads and shipped them to local relief agencies which distributed the fruit to the poor. Under the stamp plan the FSCC buys nothing. The Secretary of Agriculture simply designates grapefruit as a surplus commodity.

The list varies from time to time, but grapefruit, butter, raisins, rice, lard, pork, corn meal,

eggs, dried prunes, fresh pears, fresh apples, fresh oranges, hominy grits, dry edible beans, onions (except green), wheat flour and whole wheat flour were on the surplus list in January, for example, when the stamp plan went into operation in Memphis. Distribution of food through depots stopped; relievers no longer had to walk two or three miles for a handout of food to be carried home, or wait hours for a food truck loaded with nothing but celery. (That actually happened in Mississippi.) Instead, a WPA worker goes to a central office and buys a dollar's worth of orange-colored stamps per week for each member of his family.

Nobody has to buy stamps and many do not, but those who do choose to take advantage of the plan must buy at least one dollar's worth per week for each member of the family and may purchase up to \$1.50. For each dollar's worth the purchaser receives a bonus of fifty cents' worth of blue stamps. Then, at any grocery he chooses, he buys whatever foods he wishes with his orange stamps and any of the seventeen surplus foods with the blues. His stamps come in a book, in twenty-five cent denominations; if he buys an odd amount the grocer gives him a credit slip for the balance — no cash. Within

these limitations his stamps are as good as money. He buys at the same prices offered cash customers; his oranges come out of the same box, his pork chops off the same hog.

He is as welcome as a customer with a pocketful of money, for all the grocer has to do is stick the stamps on cards holding five dollars' worth, and turn the cards in at a bank for cash or pay his wholesaler with them. The bank or the wholesaler turns the cards in to the Federal government and in thirty-six hours receives a check for their total face value. The face value of the blue stamps comes out of FSCC funds, while that of the orange stamps has already been paid in by the WPA worker himself. Some relievers get the blue stamps without having to buy the orange — particularly in regions where there is little or no cash relief.

The plan that everyone likes — granting there is to be farm relief at all — was born in the back seat of Secretary Wallace's limousine little more than a year ago. He and Mrs. Wallace had asked Milo Perkins, head of the FSCC, and Mrs. Perkins to come along for a Sunday afternoon drive to Mount Vernon. On the way home Wallace and Perkins got to talking about the paradox of want amid plenty.

Soon they hit upon an approach which had eluded them at their desks. It was new. Their wives joined in and finally Wallace said, "Milo, we've got it!" Next morning Milo Perkins was at his office early, dictating a memo which is still the backbone of the stamp plan. Government experts and practical businessmen combed the bugs out. By May the plan was operating in Rochester; by January the FSCC had put \$2,000,000 into blue stamps; by June it will be spending half that much a week. During the coming fiscal year the FSCC will probably spend at least \$100,000,000 on blue stamps for some 4,000,000 individuals.

II

Stamps for every reliefer wanting them, nationwide, would cost \$400,000,000 a year. That is where the plan seems to be heading. It is endorsed by big business on the one hand, the radical Workers' Alliance on the other, and Boss Crump of Memphis in the middle. More than 500 cities have requested the plan. Several states have asked for state-wide operation. Chambers of commerce are putting pressure on their Congressmen, the Congressmen on FSCC. Cities and states

are sending delegations to Washington, hats in hand. But expansion into new areas is not all. In February the FSCC announced it would soon begin the sale of cotton stamps, for which funds were provided by the last Congress. Relief families, depending upon size, will each be permitted to buy from eight to twenty-four dollars' worth of green stamps a year and will receive a bonus of an equivalent amount of brown stamps. Green and brown will both be good as money in purchasing cotton products. The total amount bought will not greatly reduce our cotton surplus, but it will please Senators from cotton states and help relief families desperately needing sheets, towels, shirts, dresses and underwear. Eventually the cotton stamps may help to create buying habits of great value to cotton growers, just as the food stamps are doing for some foods.

Last year Perkins secured Congressional permission to sell food stamps to non-relief families of low incomes. Shawnee, Oklahoma, was chosen for the experiment, and for three months families with incomes under \$19.50 a week have been buying stamps. Milo Perkins works that careful way. He likes facts. Perkins is a businessman, self-made. He once wrote a crisp letter of pro-

test against a Department of Agriculture policy; it impressed Wallace so much that he asked Perkins to come to Washington and help. Perkins put the stamp plan across in the same way that industry puts a new product on the market — sampling, tests in small areas before moving into larger markets. The very idea of a premium is a tried-and-true business stratagem. Perkins' behind-the-scenes meetings have outnumbered his public speeches a hundred to one. Businessmen have saved him many a headache. It was a wholesaler who warned him not to let grocers give change in cash — thereby probably saving the plan.

Before a community gets the stamp plan it must show that everything will be easy sailing, that the businessmen really want it. When the Rochester banks decided to charge one per cent for cashing the stamps, Perkins telegraphed that he would pull the plan out if they persisted. Thereafter one of the big figures in American banking requested Perkins, in case of any such trouble elsewhere, not to send a public wire but to give him a chance to crack down in private.

The plan has been operating too short a time on too small a scale to estimate its potential economic effects. Agricultural prices are

often wrecked by a tiny surplus — as little as one to five per cent. The theory is that blue stamps will in some cases create sufficient extra buying to eliminate that surplus, hence to raise the price — and of course a price rise is on the whole production while the government pays for only the small fraction bought with the stamps. Apparently the plan is actually causing people not on relief to buy more of the surplus foods. Competition for the stamp business is so keen that grocers push the surplus foods with special advertising and display. In the very poorest section of Memphis I found a small grocer who had printed some cheap dodgers advertising the bargains to be had in surplus foods.

In the red hills of Pottawatomie County, Oklahoma, one energetic woman with a store where the clay roads cross explained that until the stamp plan, relievers didn't have enough money to buy grapefruit and non-relievers alone didn't provide sufficient demand to justify her stocking it. Now all the country stores thereabouts sell grapefruit. Incidentally, until the stamp plan this woman ran her store without help; today she has two clerks, young fellows, sons of tenant farmers, glad to get a dollar a day. Most stores have not put on ex-

tra help, but the wholesale houses have. The retail grocery business is up 15 per cent in stamp towns. A survey of 115 groceries in Des Moines shows increases ranging from two to 40 per cent, depending upon the poverty of the neighborhood. The only grocer who registered dislike was one who had been warned against further chiseling.

If the larger economic consequences of food stamps are uncertain, the human effects are plain as day. Studies show that some 80 per cent of the blue stamps are spent on eggs, butter, fruits and vegetables — in other words, Vitamins A,B,C and D. Henry Wallace once said that a goal of the plan might be “to use surplus foods to end vitamin deficiency in the United States.” An Oklahoma physician gave me a report on a family of eight — six children from four months to sixteen years old. Until the stamp plan this family was subsisting on whatever food the welfare agency had, sometimes nothing but beans. The father got hold of some molasses, but no milk, no butter, meat or fresh vegetables; not even canned fruit. Here in truth was a *Grapes of Wrath* family. The children see-sawed between constipation and diarrhea. With stamps came health; the baby gained five pounds, one child three

pounds, another seven. “Last time I saw them there was red in their cheeks,” the doctor said. “And no colds this winter.”

III

Some stamp users are indifferent and ignorant. In Memphis, many Negroes think of the stamp plan simply in terms of free pork. Two Negro school children told me they wanted eggs and oranges but their father bought pork. Their mother was dead, their grandmother deaf, dumb and powerless. But the girls were getting more food, and were obviously pleased because they had lunches they were “not shamed” to take to school. Six or seven blocks away, in a shack on a back alley, were three smaller children with a bright Negro mother, and a father on WPA. The mother said she had always managed to get a little milk and orange juice for the children, but that stamps meant she now had plenty. In Rochester, which has 9873 families getting stamps, I talked with an Italian mother who lives above a vacant store. Her nineteen-year-old daughter is on WPA, her two other children in school. Her husband has stomach trouble which prevents him from working and

cruelly compels an expensive egg-and-milk diet. The mother explained that providing her husband with enough eggs and milk had meant undernourishing the children, while feeding them properly had meant added misery for her husband. The stamps provided a way out.

The strange thing is that in stamp cities one out of four relief families do not participate. Why? Some don't keep house; some haven't heard; some can't understand; some are apathetic, satisfied. Of those participating how many are chiseling? No one knows. Every grocer tells of customers sidling up, wanting to buy non-surplus goods with blue stamps, cigarettes or liquor with orange stamps. Or wanting cash for the stamps, or cash in change. Usually they claim another grocer is doing it and threaten to take their trade to him. Some grocers are chiseling, though government investigators are convinced it isn't happening in the chains. The situation in Rochester among small stores got out of hand before the Department of Agriculture sent in a special investigator. A-men are now being shifted back and forth among stamp cities. Des Moines has had a number of complaints. Birmingham is the only city where a grocer

has been indicted (charged with selling cigarettes and liquor for stamps), but a few have been detected elsewhere. I saw a Memphis grocer offer to take stamps for a length of stovepipe. In Oklahoma some tenant farmers were buying eggs with stamps and selling them to wholesalers. In a run-down oil town a bootlegger was swapping liquor for surplus commodities bought with stamps. But generally chiseling seems to be the exception, thanks to healthy co-operation between A-men and the businessmen.

Extending the stamp plan to families not on relief but with incomes too low to support an adequate standard of living, seems to be a failure in Shawnee, though the FSCC has not admitted it. Estimates of the number of families eligible run from 1000 to 1500. After three months operation only 300 were buying stamps, despite tremendous ballyhoo and every conceivable inducement. The banks provided special windows, so non-relievers wouldn't have to associate with relievers. The chamber of commerce ruled that two boys in a college dormitory room were a family. Still there was no rush for stamps. Some of the poor simply said "I ain't taking no relief." The young taxi driver who picked me up at the station was buying

stamps (he said he earned \$16 a week, and had a wife and child), but two other drivers with families were having nothing to do with it. One employer called the plan to the attention of the only employee to whom he was paying less than \$20 a week. The employee was offended. Some families with chickens and cows and gardens admit that they don't need the stamps. The Shawnee experiment is another instance of Milo Perkins' wisdom in building gradually. Obviously there are non-relief families of low income who are underfed and who, with government aid, could help eat the surpluses. But the crude, wholesale, anyone-under-\$19.50-a-week approach is not the answer. There are saner ways of reaching the lower levels of the non-relief poor. In several cities, some of

these people, after investigation, are sold stamps to keep them off the relief rolls. For example, fifty-five such borderline cases have been certified by the local welfare authorities of Rochester.

The Railroad Retirement Board has already asked Perkins about getting the stamp plan for railroad pensioners living on a pittance. Eventual extension to persons receiving unemployment compensation through Social Security is also being considered. Perkins' general strategy is to spread the stamp plan to relief recipients in all areas before dipping deeply into non-relief groups, and in the meantime experiment sufficiently with non-relief families to gather a few facts and figures—the kind of thing every businessman likes to have around.



WORLD OF TOMORROW

A CENTURY off, or less,
 These chairs I bought today
 Will be antiques, I guess,
 And Somebody will say,
 "How quaint these objects made from trees!
 Just think! Men used to sit on these!"

—W. E. FARBSTAIN

THE STATE OF THE UNION

Mrs. Roosevelt's Youth Congress

ONE week-end in February several thousand young men and women took over Washington. They were a loud, sloganeering, chip-on-shoulder, treat-'em-rough mob. Though they called themselves delegates to a Congress, there was nothing remotely deliberative about their proceedings or behavior. They came and remained, rather, in the excited spirit of a revival meeting or mass meeting. The blight of unanimity lay upon their every session — except, as the Commu-Nazi weekly *New Masses* reported in great glee, that “one or two obstreperous individuals managed to get themselves thrown out.” These lonely dissenters achieved that distinction through the high crimes of suggesting the exclusion of those who take orders from foreign dictators, and demanding an expression of sympathy for the Finnish victims of Russian aggression. The delegates hurrahed lustily on certain key words and slogans, howled down every sign of disagreement and bum's-rushed those who objected.

The so-called American Youth Congress rejected everything that smacked of tolerance, reasonableness or civilized respect for unpopular views. It had the truth by rote and was ready to stone all non-conformists to death.

Even the President of the United States was not exempt from its totalitarian wrath. This despite the fact that Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt had made themselves patrons and protectors of the gathering, despite the fact that the arrangements for the Congress had been made from the White House itself by Abbot Simon, their house guest. Perhaps for the first time in the history of the Republic, an American President was booed on his own front lawn by his invited guests. A little later, as though to ram the insult home, the Congress cheered an unbridled and shamelessly demagogic attack on the President by John L. Lewis; neither did it show much consideration for Mrs. Roosevelt herself when she tried belatedly to inject a little common

sense into the howling-dervish performance.

Let us get the picture straight. In that Washington episode we are not dealing with ardent youth going to unmannerly extremes in support of its ideals. There was not even the odor of idealism to explain the intolerance. Nowhere in the record is there a trace of dedication to larger causes, of concern for anyone but themselves, of pity or sympathy for the current victims of tyranny the world over. *We . . . us . . . gimme — or else!* The spectacle would have been disheartening if the actors had been weary and cynical oldsters; on the part of youngsters, from whom we might normally expect a little idealism, it was downright obscene.

Nor was it a question of youth defending its convictions. It is silly to talk of convictions in relation to a group which, only seven or eight months earlier, had shouted no less hysterically *for the very opposite slogans*. The about-face had not been preceded by honest discussion, by a searching of conscience, by a deliberate re-examination and re-appraisal. It had been a sudden flip-flop on signal from the cheer leaders — and not the first such somersault either. At the time of its formation, in 1934, the American Youth Congress took

the Oxford pledge and adopted a vehemently anti-war attitude. Late in 1935 the Congress suddenly dropped its pacifism and became militantly “anti-fascist” and pro-“collective security.” Amazingly, this reversal coincided with a similar reversal on the part of the Communist International and its multitudinous affiliates. Coincidence, however, was raised to the level of the miraculous by the second somersault. For the Congress dropped its anti-fascist line and its collective security program immediately after the Communist International, having joined hands with Hitler, had done so.

We need not be alarmed by the views of the Congress. What is alarming is that the delegates, as individuals, have no views. They merely accept a program handed down from above, ready-made to the last accent, without so much as inquiring who tailored it or where or why. The danger is not in what the Congress members think, but in the fact that they don’t think. The youth meeting was ominous beyond its immediate size or influence, because it was a striking exemplification of the “leader principle” in action — in many respects the boldest demonstration of that basic totalitarian principle on American soil.

II

In allowing herself to be used as a respectable "front" for this demonstration, Mrs. Roosevelt no doubt imagined that she was defending the right of young people to think and act for themselves. Unfortunately she was doing the exact opposite — conniving to prevent young people from thinking and acting for themselves. She might have tried the simple test of inquiring privately from a dozen or two of the delegates why they had suddenly exchanged their anti-fascist line for an anti-imperialist line; their support of collective security for isolationism, their opposition to aggression against weak nations for indifference to such aggression. After all, these are profound changes in viewpoint to be accomplished in a few months. She would have discovered the self-evident fact: that these befuddled young people had not undergone any inner revolution at all but were merely following instructions in blind faith. They had given up the prerogative of thinking, questioning, arguing, in return for the spurious satisfaction of collective shouting under dynamic cheer leaders. It was not at all a question, as Mrs. Roosevelt put it, of the Congress not voting

as it did not believe, on Finland or anything else. It was a question of exploring in a reasonable, democratic spirit what the delegates did believe — and why. The resolutions adopted by such a gathering are not nearly as important as the process by which the resolutions are reached.

The nobility of her motives does not make Mrs. Roosevelt's rôle in this affair any the less mischievous. It is no exaggeration to say that her support gave the Congress politicians a moral authority which made it easier for them to jam through the official views and to suppress dissenting opinion. In effect she sided with the organization against its members, with collective know-nothingism against democratic and intelligent discussion. She might have exerted her influence in due time to insure free discussion on all disputable questions and elementary democratic procedure to safeguard minority views. Instead, she played the game to the end with the Congress leaders. Perhaps the most baffling aspect of her stubborn self-righteousness is to be found in Mrs. Roosevelt's strange blind spot for the other youth organizations, grouped in "The Campaign for Youth Needs." Her championship of the American Youth Congress

— in face of its mob spirit, its boorishness, its irreverence, and above all the fantastic way in which its program always parallels the Moscow line — amounts to an obsession. In her position, she has no right to be so dismally wrong.

The President, too, would have done better by all American youth to unmask in advance the totalitarian character of the Congress and to expose its foreign allegiance. He elected instead to support it with White House invitations and to argue about its views as though they really represented the reasoned convictions of a sector of American youth. Even the “spanking” he administered amounted to a recognition of the Congress which will be exploited by its communist leaders to inveigle more innocent boys and girls into the organization. John L. Lewis, indeed, immediately gave us a sample of what a reckless demagogue can do in exploiting the fears and desperations of youth. The President had set the stage for him beautifully.

There is no doubt, of course, that fear and desperation are at the bottom of the whole sad business. Because youth lives today in the shadow of unemployment it is easy prey for totalitarian demagogues. For that very reason it

should be protected by intelligent elders against the predatory power-hounds, against indigenous and foreign know-nothingism. For that very reason the Mrs. Roosevelts and other well-meaning and high-minded ones should be less hasty in supporting those who “mobilize” frightened youth for purposes of their own. The ardent young people who provided the main support for Fascism in Italy and for Hitlerism in Germany in their march to power were likewise desperate and fear-ridden. Having watched the process in both Italy and Germany, the writer recognized the same temper, the same unthinking, hurrah-shouting, intolerant, cocksure mob spirit, the same loud-mouthed, sloganeering, power-drunk types of leaders in the Washington shindig of the Youth Congress.

The problems of youth will not be solved in this wise — unless the concentration camps, the mental goose-stepping and the moral degeneracy of the European dictatorships represent a solution.

The press has failed to understand the totalitarian implications of the episode. The meeting and its championship by gullible liberals are symptoms, danger signals, of a national mood.

EUGENE LYONS

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

CRIME and punishment, as chronicled by the Los Angeles *Daily News*:

Mrs. Ida Brown, of Los Angeles, has sued for increase in alimony from fifteen dollars weekly to fifty dollars every week. She also asked a share in community property allegedly in the neighborhood of a quarter-million dollars, owned by her blind husband, Louis Brown.

Mr. Brown lost his sight as the result of Mrs. Brown's throwing lye into his eyes as he slept, for which whimsicality she completed a three-year sentence in the palatial Woman's State Prison, in Tehachapi, Calif.

SCIENCE marches on in the Sunkist State, where Dr. S. L. Katzoff of the San Francisco Institute of Human Relations announces:

A good, healthy kiss never spread any germs. A genuine kiss generates so much heat it destroys germs. If anything, the university ought to advocate more kissing.

IDAHO

ENTERPRISE, model 1940, is duly rewarded, according to the Boise *Daily Statesman*:

Eugene B. Chaffee, president of Boise Junior college, received at a dinner Tuesday evening at Hotel Boise the Boise

Junior Chamber of Commerce award for distinguished service to the community in 1939. Chaffee was chosen by a committee of businessmen in recognition of his efforts in expanding the Junior college from a semi-private institution into a state-recognized and tax-supported school.

ILLINOIS

EDUCATION note, culled from the advertising columns of the Chicago press:

COLLEGE BOY to be kissed 5 times daily for one week by beautiful Russian girl. Salary \$35. Must be good looking. Apply Nils T. Granlund, stage door, Oriental Theater, Friday, 9 A. M., ready to go to work.

NEW YORK

MUSIC to soothe the savage breast, on tap in the advertising columns of the musicians' journal, *Down Beat*:

TERRIFYING TENOR, Agonizing arrangements, crucifying clarinet, grandiloquent griper, sporadic screwball, nuff sed. Skee Elder, 3 Columbia Place, Albany, N. Y.

OHIO

POESY alights in Hillsboro and makes her debut in the advertising columns of the local *Press-Gazette*:

USED FURNITURE

Oil stove, wood stoves, good coal heaters; rolling pins and carpet beaters. Antique clocks and kitchen tables, radios and steel wire cables; kitchen ranges, coal or gas; a wicker set and a looking glass: Wash stands, dressers, chests of drawers, kerosene lamps and old screen doors — this to you may all sound funny but we handle most any old thing but money. For money is scarce and whiskey's high, this alley is wet but Mac is dry. Business is good and we've got no kick but if you want real bargains come in quick; for I'm goin' to leave this old mud alley, Goin' south to see my Sallie: But I'll be back — if I don't get shot — more loony rimes and they'll be hot. So good-by folks and don't forget. I'll be seein' you soon in the *Press-Gazette*.

MAC IN THE ALLEY

PENNSYLVANIA

THE *Centre Democrat* of Bellefonte is too proud to be insulted:

According to a federal bureau prison report, the Centre county jail is one of a number of hoosegows in the middle district of Pennsylvania that has been deemed unfit for federal prisoners.

Phooey! What do we care!

SOUTH DAKOTA

A YOUNG couple gradually get married in the columns of the *Mowbridge Tribune*:

Miss Jennie Jones and Bob Henry were married at the Jones mansion last night. The bride is a daughter of Constable Jones who has made a good officer

and will undoubtedly be re-elected this spring. He offers a fine horse for sale in another column of this issue. The groom runs a grocery store on Main Street and is a steady patron of our advertising columns. He has a good line of bargains in his ad this week. All summer he paid two cents more for butter than any other store in town. They were married by Reverend Josiah Butterworth, who last week called at this office and gave us a nice order for handbills. He is also going to give some time to the real estate business and will write fire insurance. So say the business cards we recently printed for him. Jennie and Bob left on the 10 o'clock train for Milwaukee to visit the bride's uncle who we understand, has lots of money and a cancer.

TEXAS

THE crooning flour salesman, Governor O'Daniel, inveighs against the publicity-seeking tendencies of certain members of his Legislature:

The vast majority of those fifty-six members are too sincere and sensible to be swayed by the howlings of two or three wisecracking political proselyters polluting the place, performing a personality piracy plot for the purpose of plucking personal publicity by the papers printing their prattle.

THE apex of optimism is achieved by an advertiser in the *Dallas News*:

PLEASE give me \$10,000 or any part thereof. Make checks payable to cash. Send to Box 18-W, News. Thank you.

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.)

DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

Intestinal Parasites

A MAN can go through life without paying more than the slightest and most cursory heed to the fellow-creatures that surround him. He may never look attentively up at the sky, to watch the swifts or swallows or red-tailed hawks darting and hovering there; he may never peer sharply at the earth, to remark the behavior of ants; he may never be aware that there are pickerel in country ponds and butterflies on the daisy-tops and moles burrowing under the sod. But one kind of creature, at least, a very large part of mankind has long found it impossible to ignore because mankind is in a real sense their native habitat. These creatures are man's internal worms.

The slim, tenacious denizens of man's insides are a many-membered tribe. Flatworms and roundworms alike find the dark nutritious interior of *Homo Sapiens* a perfect dwelling place, and they flock there in numbers. There are the tapeworms — *taenia* — most sizable. There is the roundworm, *As-*

caris, slow-maturing yellow inhabitant of the small intestine, whose larvae burrow into man's lymphatics and veins and make a complicated ten-day circuit of his trachea, esophagus and stomach. There are the Strongylidae, whose larvae make their entrance into man through his skin, the whipworms that effect entrance by being swallowed in egg-form in his food or drink, and the trichinae that find their way into him from the infected carcass of a pig. Liver-flukes and hookworms and *Filaria bancrofti* . . . the list of humanity's unwanted guests is long.

The tapeworm is probably the commonest in most regions. It is this pertinacious dweller of the human gut that keeps brisk the business in vermifuges and maintains the circulation of "worm-cure recipes" handed down by word of mouth for generations. It is the prevalence of an ancient worm-cure notion that each year still persuades thousands of rural children to sit motionless for hours open-mouthed before a fire, in the

hope that the fire's heat will lure the tapeworm up into the gullet where it can be snatched and removed. It is the prevalence of another immemorial tapeworm-theory that makes country lads so leery when they see a floating horsehair in their swimming hole. Horsehairs, so the legend goes, turn into tapeworms when immersed, and the fellow careless enough to swallow a fragment of waterlogged horsehair has put himself in gravest jeopardy. After centuries of the intimate association of man and worm, the tapeworm has become as firmly entrenched in the race's folklore as in its entrails.

Taenia solium does not love heat, above 98.6 at any rate, and does not, of course, metamorphose from a hair. The horsehair legend probably arose because of the existence of a hair-like, wriggly little worm called Gordius — more commonly, hairworm — that flourishes in horses' watering troughs. *Taenia* is a member of the tribe of beasts called flatworms. It is intimately akin to the little swimmer of ponds and streams, Planaria, that clings to the under sides of stones and logs and looks rather like a leech; and it is likewise nearly related to the sucking-mouthed trematode that inhabits

the bile ducts of the livers of sheep. The planarians are complicated animals, having eye-spots which are sensitive to light, and organs for hermaphroditic reproduction, and elaborately developed nervous systems including a not inconsiderable brain. They swim and glide about, by means of propulsive cilia, and are able to eat with especial efficacy by virtue of the fact that their strong muscular pharynxes can be protruded from their mouths. But they are not very big. Man's private flatworms grow much bigger, and are, in fact, among the largest of the group.

II

A well developed tapeworm, whose bulk has not been broken up by the action of a vermifuge or other misfortune, is about eight or ten feet long. It has a knob-like head, the scolex, and behind the head a sharply narrowing neck. The tapeworm's head bears no eyes or ears, since neither vision nor hearing is of importance in the dark interior of man's alimentary canal, but it does bear a set of suckers, for strong adhesion and for feeding, and also a number of tiny little hooks whereby to contrive the firmest possible attachment.

Behind the tapeworm's bulbous,

sucker-disked head trails the long string of similar parts which make up its body. These are the proglottids. They are arranged in a linear series, and a well fed worm that has long been undisturbed may develop as many as eight or nine hundred of them. The proglottids increase in size from the worm's anterior end to the posterior, and thus its body — unlike, for instance, a snake's — has a tail far broader than its head. Proglottids bud off from tapeworms' necks, so that those at the tail-end are the oldest. It is these mature posterior proglottids, packed with young, that break off periodically and are voided from the human host, initiating the life cycle of a new tapeworm generation. What happens, precisely, is this:

Inside a ripe terminal proglottis of the tapeworm's body a mass of eggs develop into embryos. The embryo-laden proglottis presently separates from the body of the adult worm and in time issues forth from its human incubator into the outer world. There it may waste away and die. On the other hand it may chance to be eaten by a pig. If this happens, the tapeworm embryos, each equipped with six hooks for the furtherance of its purpose, escape from their envelope and start to bore. They bore through

the walls of the pig's alimentary canal and make their way deep into its voluntary muscles. Arrived there, they become quiet and encyst themselves.

After a while the cyst of the tapeworm embryo develops a head. This head is equipped with suckers and little spiny hooklets, and it can be protruded. The creature has now become a cysticercus, or, as more popular language has it, a bladder worm. It is at this stage, when deep inside its intermediate pig-muscle home it has developed a suckered spiny head, that it is ready for effective re-entrance into man. Pig-flesh needs a thorough cooking to kill the cysticerci in it, and cooks are frequently impatient. The cysticercus, embedded in a morsel of underdone pork, again enters into a human interior. It attaches its head to the walls of man's intestine. It casts off its bladder-shape and begins to grow a long string of proglottids of its own. The tapeworm cycle is complete.

Those are the life-habits of *Taenia solium*, largest and commonest of all man's inner guests. Pork tapeworms are the most numerous kind, but there are also beef tapeworms (*saginata*) and fish tapeworms and a dog tapeworm (*echinococcus*) which are all fairly

frequent residents in the human midriff. Outside the tapeworm group, as I have said, there is a legion of other kindred creatures that make man their dwelling place. Some of these have peculiarly fascinating individual traits — for instance, the liver-fluke which produces half a million eggs but whose larvae perish unless within eight hours they find a certain fresh-water snail; or the hook-worm that pours poison into the wounds it makes, in order to keep the blood from coagulating; or the infinitesimal *Filaria* that lives by day in man's lungs and arteries but migrates at night to the blood vessels in his skin. Unhappily, it is not possible to deal in detail with

each of these. The biography of taenia, the common tapeworm, must represent them all.

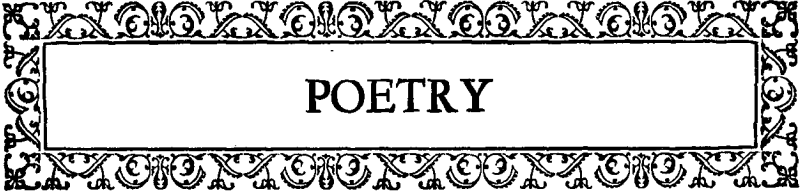
The squeamish may protest that man's worms, for all their immortal prevalence, are a horrid theme, better ignored. To objections of this kind, an answer was composed some centuries ago by a sturdy-minded moralist whose name was Saint Thomas Aquinas and who was unperturbedly aware that man, although he might be demonstrated to have an immortal soul, had also certainly a bladder and a bowel and not infrequently a pungent acrid smell. "All things in the world," said the Seraphic Doctor placidly, "show forth the glory of God."



BING LI DISCOVERS THAT MAN CANNOT AVOID THE INEVITABLE

BY PAUL ELDRIDGE

SEEING that the end of each path
 Had an open grave,
 Bing Li, doctor of all philosophies,
 Seated himself at cross-roads, *
 Thinking:
 "If I do not budge, I shall live forever."
 But slowly, the dust underneath him
 Gave way,
 Forming a large open grave.



POETRY

AIRPLANE AT SUNSET

By LOUIS J. SANKER

HERE is the lark, conceived on the lathe.
Here are the wings, sprouted from steel —
Ore of the earth, exultant to bathe
In the fire of the sun, the wind's fingered feel.
Here is the lust of the low for the high —
Of the near of the fields for the far of the sky —
The search of the soul for the ultimate mark.
Here is the lark!

Here is its song, lethargic in sleep,
Buried by ages, trampled by time,
Bursting the mold in a tormented leap,
Sundering skies with the fury of rhyme —
Organ of beauty, exulting in sound,
Tempting the thunder, taunting the ground,
Stressing the note with the strength of the strong.
Here is the song!

WORDS

By LOUISE OWEN

WORDS are dark panthers in an unlit wood,
Lying in trees of ebony and teak.
Words are black panthers, terrible and sleek,
Whose food is flesh, whose drink is living blood.
No pit concealed, no deathly weapon aimed,

Can break the scornful heart, the thews of steel,
Draw down the snarling lip, bring flame to heel . . .
Words are dark beasts that never will be tamed.

Who loves lithe words is marked with hidden scars;
His breast is torn; his arms and shoulders bleed.
What whip avails against black captured stars?
What cage can hold a wild and mighty breed
Whose feet are fire, whose eyes are burning swords? —
God pity him who gives his heart to words.

TRUST NOT

BY EZRA GOODMAN

TRUST not, O traveller, the sweep
Of supple sky, the ample curve
Of plain and pasture land beneath:
Trust not in these, for they deceive.
And trust not in the narrow room
The dark word burning in the book.
The book and the word are a waning dream
From which the heart must finally wake.

For the sky is swift and the earth is changing
And the word whitens upon the vellum —
And the great beast will soon be ranging
The wasted citadel and asylum.

Beware, O voyager, the bright
Day and the coming of the night.

THE LIBRARY

Caldwell Lynches Two Negroes

BY BURTON RASCOE

BOGEY in reading time for the new Erskine Caldwell novel¹ is two hours flat. Like Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, it is a tour de force; but, unlike the Steinbeck, it is neither original in theme nor novel in treatment. For fluidity, concision, clarity, proper balance of narrative and dialogue, deft use of suspense in the building of climax, and precise employment of vocabulary it might serve, to students of composition, as a classical example of how to write an exciting novel — and as a classical example of what not to write about.

It begins to look a little as though the Arvin Hickses and Freeman Cantwells of the League of American Writers had creased Caldwell with their Marxian dum dum bullets, roped and dragged him into their corral, branded this literary Meddlesome Jack with the hammer and sickle, rechristened him Social Significance, and even got him into

believing that he is something quite different from what he is. Critics who get a reputation for profundity by writing great gobs of stuff that is almost impossible to read and quite impossible to understand — except for some unconnected sentences here and there — have been known to do this, after they have adopted some simple genius at story-telling as a pet exemplar of their theories and as a special recipient of their encomia. Waldo Frank and Paul Rosenfeld nearly ruined Sherwood Anderson by writing 3000-word articles for high-brow periodicals, declaring somewhere therein something to the effect that Sherwood was a great naïf *intuitif*, undoubtedly an autochthonous *philosophe*. Sherwood couldn't find out what he was from his pocket-dictionary and had to go ask Lewis Galantière what the words meant. When he learned that he was supposed to be a natural-born wise man who thought great thoughts instinctively, Sher-

¹*Trouble in July*, by Erskine Caldwell. \$2.50. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

wood got to thinking he *was* one and got to writing out so much of the stuff he imagined was deep thought that it was hard for his friends to get him back to writing his short stories again.

Caldwell is a marvellously clever literary technician, especially expert in depicting with finesse both the comic and pathetic aspects of lubricity. As Carl Van Doren says in *The American Novel*, Caldwell with his sure art, never feverish or foggy like Faulkner, can invent a story and so write it that the reader instinctively accepts it as an old folk-tale. And he can make his most outrageous invention sound as though it were an exact, naturalistic record of something that happened.

This quite precious art of Caldwell's is what has misled the Marxian muttonheads. Incapable of accepting creative imagination as creative imagination, they have taken *We Are the Living*, *God's Little Acre*, and *Tobacco Road* to be authentic transcriptions of life among the Georgia crackers, social documents designed to expose the horrors of capitalistic exploitation. If *Tobacco Road*, either as a play or novel, is a naturalistic transcription from life, so is Wycherley's *The Country Wife*. People have wondered why *Tobacco Road* has

the longest continuous run of any play in the history of the American theatre. Such people must never have been to a burlesque show. The scene from *Tobacco Road* in which the girl squirms on her belly and writhes her legs is shrewdly designed to produce more caloric suspense in the audience than a strip-tease by the best bump and grind *artiste* in burleycue show business. And the to-do on the stage about the nuptial peep-show, faithfully transcribed from the novel, is another conspicuous example of Caldwell's genius so to invent and treat an incident that it seems as though it weren't something Caldwell had thought up but a marvellous example of bawdy old barnyard folk-tale.

Caldwell displays some of his fine talent for grim but robust humor in *Trouble in July*, but the central theme is so trite and has been exploited so often that one can explain his using it only on the assumption that he is beginning to take seriously his rôle as a crusader for social and economic reform. The idea was used by Waldo Frank in *Chalk Face*, by Roy Flannagan in *Amber Satyr*, twice by T. S. Stribling, once in *Birthright* and again in *Teeftallow*, and it appears in an English variation in E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*. In the

earliest version, of course, it is the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. It is about the white girl who wants a Negro to lie with her and who, when frustrated in her desire, accuses the innocent boy of raping her; and a lynching of the boy follows.

Caldwell gets hold of an incidental theme of profounder aesthetic and social importance but he muffs it and makes little out of it, chiefly, I believe, because his comic sense causes him first to conceive the sheriff (protagonist of the incidental theme) as a ridiculous character, callous, insensitive, hen-pecked, given to jailing Negro wenches for carnal reasons or suspected of it by his wife, and constantly falling into comical difficulties through stupidity and incompetence. A caricature can't be made to carry a deeply serious argument *and realize it*; and not all of Caldwell's talent can make it credible that this buffoon of a sheriff is brought to an acute critical realization of all the flaws in the democratic process of government, through the means Caldwell supplies. The idea is, simply, that the sheriff is an old man, really holding a sinecure; he depends upon the people's vote to keep him in that sinecure; if the people want to hang a Negro, he will lose their

vote and his livelihood if he tries to prevent them.

Caldwell attempts to make the ethical implication of the sheriff's cogitation on that personal aspect of his problem dawn upon him, not through the hanging of the Negro boy or through the girl's confession that she lied, but through the hanging of an old idiot Negro he had given to the blood-thirsty mob as a hostage against his promise to deliver the Negro boy to them. Caldwell ends on a bathetic note as incongruous as when the burlesque queen, wearing a G-string, a black lace brassière and a purple scarf draped over arms and shoulders, shakes a couple of small American flags' and sings, "Land . . . of . . . thuh . . . Pil . . . groms' pride." He has the sheriff recall an officer's oath to do his duty as he sees it, without fear or favor, and then say aloud, "That's a mighty pretty oath for a man in public office to swear to. . . . I guess I had sort of forgotten it," and walk blindly down the road, alone.

II

Incidentally, according to Monroe W. Work, department of records and research, Tuskegee Institute, and editor of *The Negro Year Book* (the authority quoted in the 1940

World Almanac), there were six lynchings in the United States during 1938, all of Negroes; none of the persons lynched was in the hands of the law when seized; there were forty-two instances in which officers of the law prevented lynchings. Also, since 1882 there have been in Arizona twenty-nine lynchings of whites, no Negroes; in Colorado, sixty-six whites, two Negroes; New Mexico, thirty-three whites, three Negroes; California, forty-one whites, two Negroes; Oregon, twenty whites, one Negro; South Dakota, twenty-seven whites, no Negroes; Washington, twenty-five whites, one Negro; North Dakota, thirteen whites, three Negroes; Nebraska, fifty-two whites, five Negroes; Idaho, twenty whites, no Negroes; Oklahoma, eighty-two whites, forty-one Negroes. There have been seventeen Negro lynchings in Illinois, fourteen in Indiana, twenty-seven in Maryland, sixteen in Ohio, seventy in Missouri, six in Pennsylvania. Caldwell's native Georgia, in fifty-six years, is second. Mississippi leads with a total of 568 lynchings, forty-one being of whites. Georgia's total is 507, of which thirty-seven were of whites.

Caldwell's book and these statistics, taken in conjunction with Percival Jackson's *Look at the*

*Law*² and Ralph H. Gabriel's *The Course of American Democratic Thought*,³ and correlated with such earlier publications as Oberholtzer's *A History of the United States Since the Civil War* and the Chapel Hill publication, *Culture in the South*, edited by W. T. Couch, bring to my mind the fact that the literary exploitation of Negro lynchings in the South, particularly the invariable use of the dramatic device of making the Negro innocent, has made it important, if not actually imperative, that quite a number of contingencies should be clarified and that a lot of smug, pharisaical Northern heads should be shaken around and cuffed with a little knowledge in the interests of common fairness, if not of inter-sectional amity.

Northern writers and Southern writers (who have to depend in large measure upon New York publishers, New York critics, and New York outlets to Northern bookstores for their acceptance, critical notice and appreciation, advertising, promotion and royalty checks), by appealing directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, to Northern preconceptions, Northern ignorance, Northern taste,

² *Look at the Law*, by Percival Jackson. \$2.75. Dutton.

³ *The Course of American Democratic Thought*, by Ralph A. Gabriel. \$4. Ronald Press.

Northern temperaments and Northern complacency, have not only over-emphasized flaws in the South but have falsified the South by this very over-emphasis and have done it with full appreciation of the fact that the South cannot effectively hit back, dissipate the fallacies, or even plead very cogent factors in extenuation. Except for its subsidized university publications, the South has no media but its newspapers, which are often owned by Northern capital and even when not are restrained from correcting Northern misconceptions simply by the knowledge that whatever they might say would be discounted in the North as mere ebullitions of professional Southern pride.

I herewith set down, as concisely as possible, some salient facts:

The North, after the Civil War, imposed upon the South the most humiliating and crippling peace ever imposed by a victor upon a conquered people, short of complete annihilation. The North enfranchised the Negroes and, under the "iron clad" test oath of 1862, disfranchised the Southern whites! Under the act of March 2, 1867, "to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel states," this test was invoked to make it impossible for any Southern white who had served the Con-

federacy or had in any way given aid and comfort to the rebel forces, to become a registrar at the polls, and, in the cases of hundreds of thousands of literate whites of voting age, even to vote. The North freed the Negroes but left them where they were and did nothing about them except provide the means for scoundrelly Northern carpetbaggers to exploit them for the theft and expropriation of Southern property. (*Vide*, Oberholtzer, Vol. II, *The Klan*, pp. 1-391.)

We have heard a vast deal about the Ku Klux Klan, old and more recent, most of it justifiably abhorrent. Well, the first Klan was organization in defense, and in retaliation, against the hugest, most horrible, most sinister secret society the country has ever known — the Loyal League, a federated society of Negroes and Northern white skunks, with branches in every county of every state in the South. These Northern swindlers, selling the ignorant Negroes four wooden pegs for four dollars, told them a Negro could stick them down anywhere at four corners of a piece of land and the government would deed it to him even if it embraced his late master's choicest lands. They played on the Negroes' voodoo superstitions and put them up to

killing off all the cattle of the whites, stealing their horses and mules, and plundering their fields and storehouses at night. They sold the Negroes whiskey in exchange for stolen cotton, tobacco, horses, mules and other chattels.

Northerners, swarming down and controlling the electorate, the constabulary and the judiciary throughout the South, made such a mockery of the law, the courts, and of justice that they implanted in the minds of decent Southerners such contempt for judicial procedure and such loathing for shyster trickery that not until very recent years have they been able to get over the effects. In serious matters such as rape and murder, the Southerners had come to have such a low opinion of the judicial process that they would not entrust the issue of such matters to corruptible, incompetent judges, tricky lawyers and the delays and loopholes of the law. They sometimes took the law into their own hands, and not merely for the sadistic pleasure of it, as they have so often been pictured as doing by the litterateurs, but out of a feeling of grim necessity. One almost entertains a half-wish that an honorable group of decent men would arise in New York and go expeditiously about such a prophylaxis in cleaning out

the corruption of our New York courts so hideously revealed in *Gang Rule in New York*⁴ by Craig Thompson and Allen Raymond.

In spite of the sentimentalists, there are Negroes capable of committing rape, just as there are whites who are capable of it. There were 8,302 rape cases tried in the courts in the United States during one year, 1938! Of the 8,302 defendants quite a few, who were found guilty and punished, were Negroes. In New York City, whites outnumber the blacks in the committing of rape and murder; but, as the records show in the Thompson and Raymond book, if you are a successful mobster you can commit rape and murder with relative impunity: a rape charge seems especially hard to make stick. Finally, as Percival Jackson quite conclusively shows, it *is* very hard for an ordinary, decent American citizen, with little money and no political resources, to get a square deal in the courts of the USA, particularly in large Northern cities. But the answer is: the law is just what the layman makes it, no more. It is high time for some Northern laymen, particularly litterateurs, to wipe their noses and shut up about the South.

⁴ *Gang Rule in New York*, by Craig Thompson and Allen Raymond. \$3.50. *Dial*.

THE CHECK LIST

FICTION

GOING NATIVE, by Oliver St. John Gogarty. \$3. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce*. The prototype of Buck Mulligan in Joyce's *Ulysses* here lives up to his reputation for erudite bawdry. The narrative is largely concerned with the erotic frustrations of a naïf and normal Irishman who is house guest at a vicarage whence gather an assortment of queerries out of De Brett and Krafft-Ebing. Billed as a satire on English manners and morals, it is in the main a series of elaborate refinements of the ancient barroom jokes about the Englishman's alleged emotional anaesthesia concerning sex. Some of the pages might have been written by "Baron Corvo" and some by Ronald Firbank; but, on the whole, it is a rather ghastly deterioration of the talent displayed in *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*. More than half of the book will be unintelligible to the average reader, who in this instance is to be congratulated.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM MOUNT VERNON, by Arthur Pier. \$2.50. *Stokes*. The life of George Washington from his sixteenth year down to the beginning of the Revolution, with a postlude, twenty years after, involving an incident of General Washington's retirement to Mount Vernon. Told in a series of imagined letters by various hands. The artistic trick here was to make each letter not only reflect the character of the sender but also forward the drama of Washington's love affair with Sally Fairfax, wife of his best friend. Every line in these letters, even the illiterate one attributed to Washington's mother, is natural, revealing and consistent. The essential qualities of Washington's greatness are enhanced rather than diminished by this very human depic-

tion of a man who kept his feet on the ground and his eye pretty much on the main chance, and did not allow a romantic love affair to blast his career.

THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE, by Harry Harrison Kroll. \$2.50. *Bobbs, Merrill*. Meaty and moving novel of the warping of a man's soul by illegitimacy, and of the strong, magnetic character, though full of hate, his sense of injustice made him. A powerful drama enacted against a background of Mississippi plantation life down to the fall of Vicksburg. Skillful and entertaining.

THE TREES, by Conrad Richter. \$2.50. *Knopf*. This novel is likely to become one of the classics of primitive American history and of pioneer Ohio Valley folklore. Rarely has a novel been more carefully documented and yet able to carry that documentation so lightly. If you would know what kind of people first explored and settled in the wilderness beyond the Alleghenies, how they lived, what they ate, how they spoke, what their superstitions were, what songs they sang and what verses they recited, how they amused themselves and what special instincts they developed from the dependence largely upon wild game for food, here is a grimly lyrical novel in which all these things are revealed in the story of a woodsman's family and of the woodsman himself. It is the story of a wilful man who hated civilization and anything that threatened to tame him, and of the conflict between him and his sickly and defeated wife who hated the woods. And finally it is the story of the woodsman's daughter, a wood-sprite, who embraces the new order when farms take the place of the hunting-grounds.

A solid and distinctive achievement, largely written in the vernacular of the time of the novel's setting — a fact which may limit the enjoyment of the reader who is unfamiliar with many of the words and phrases used. A glossary would help.

THE CRAZY HUNTER, by Kay Boyle. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. Three short novels for the enjoyment of the many fervent admirers of Miss Boyle's talent, among whom this reviewer cannot subscribe himself. Her tales seem to him a sort of mixture of E. A. Poe and E. P. Roe, flavored with *sauce à la transition*.

CUBA LIBRE, by MacKinlay Kantor. \$1.50. *Coward & McCann*. A slight, fast-moving, amusing parable of the concept of utter freedom. Cuba Libre is the nickname of a waif brought back as a mascot from Cuba by an Iowa volunteer regiment of infantry, who grew up in an Iowa town as an almost legendary hero to the youngsters because he was always starting one-man revolutions against anyone and everybody, including the police force, who put any restrictions whatever on his freedom — in consequence of which his most permanent lodging was the local hoosegow. As a soldier on the Border and in the Argonne his principles remained disastrously steadfast. A young American couple to whom he was a hero in their childhood seek him out in Havana with tragic results. A sort of busman's holiday adventure for Kantor.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY, by Phyllis Bentley. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. One of those competent and solidly built English historical novels centering upon a single family, which never disappoint if you know what to expect. The characters are real people from Yorkshire history during the Civil War, *circa* 1642. One of the cousins here is a Royalist and the other is a Puritan. Penninah, the girl, loves them both. Is the Royalist debonair, a rip, a handsome devil? Why ask? He makes Rhett Butler look like a rube. He has golden hair, "softer than silk and curling into loose

great rings at the end." An aristocratic nose, too, and a deep cleft in the chin. But he only wants to play house with Penninah, so she takes the Puritan and marriage, and *then* plays house with the dashing one. But only *once*, in a moment of weakness: she spends 300-odd pages regretting in silence the "wrong she had done her husband," thereby making herself, one should think, quite insufferable to him.

NON-FICTION

CAPITALISM, THE CREATOR, by Carl Snyder. \$3.75. *Macmillan*. This may prove to be the most revolutionary and influential book on economics since Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. For many years, Mr. Snyder has been chief statistician of the Federal Reserve Board and, in that capacity, he was the first ever to gather reliable statistics on the growth of national wealth. From these studies and from the studies of Simon Newcomb which were perfected by Kemmerer and Fisher, Mr. Snyder has been able to work out the foundations for a system of credit control based upon purely statistical methods. His monetary theory rests, he explains, "upon the obvious fact that while the volume of trade or the rate of growth cannot, in a system of free exchange and in a world-wide commercial economy, be controlled, the volume of credit can. We have then a variable factor which, under a more enlightened banking management, may solve one of the paramount questions of our time: the maintenance of at least a reasonable degree of monetary and economic stability." Rational as Snyder's monetary theory is, the more revolutionary aspect of it lies in its reduction of the Marxian dialectical materialism to an absurdity by simple mathematical and mechanical means. His book, from a philosophical point of view, tends to demonstrate that if industrial progress of this power age is to continue, the capital supply must be maintained, and that the alternative is either state capitalism, as in Russia, or commercial capitalism such as now obtains over the larger part of the world. The New Deal policy, he says, is tending toward state

capitalism by piling up long-term debt, a factor in increasing unemployment while ostensibly relieving it, since the means for industrial expansion are confiscated through taxation, to finance non-productive expenditures. In his powerful and cogent defense of the so-called profit-system, Snyder has neglected to take account of and to meet what is probably the most powerful factor in Nineteenth and Twentieth Century socio-economic thought, namely, that it has been primarily *moral*, however rationalistic or materialistic the implements of its logic might be. Reduced to its lowest terms, it simply asserts that it is *morally* wrong for one man to be excessively rich in the same country where another man, perhaps a socially more valuable man, is allowed to starve. Mr. Snyder should have faced this moral issue and proposed a means whereby an effective check could be placed upon the exercise of certain reprehensible abilities.

JAMES JOYCE, by Herbert Gorman. \$3.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. The definitive biography, replete with letters and photographs. Even if Joyce had not written *Ulysses*, this would be a fascinating biography, for Joyce is an interesting and eccentric character who, in our own time, has been the object of such buffetings by fate as we are accustomed to associate only with neglected geniuses long dead. Joyce lent every assistance to Gorman in the painting of this portrait and obviously encouraged him to "leave in the warts." Joyce's arrogance and intransigence, as well as his fortitude and social qualities, are set forth with endearing candor. The legal tribulations over *Ulysses*, which, in a way, epitomized the climax and end of the Puritanical era, are set forth in detail, together with the complete text of Judge John M. Wooley's monumental decision freeing *Ulysses* for unmolested publication in the United States.

CHIP OFF MY SHOULDER, by Thomas L. Stokes. \$3. *Princeton U. Press*. A Pulitzer Prize reporter, native of the South, long familiar with the scene and behind-the-scene

in Washington, writes a touching and honest personal history of his rediscovery of his roots in the South, of his disillusion with politicians, and of his achievement of belief that the crimes under democracy will cease when the evils of demagoguery are no longer the chief assets of the so-called representatives of the people.

PERIOD PIECE, The Life and Times of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, by Jenny Ballou. \$3. *Houghton, Mifflin*. Even more amusing than you would expect it to be; but a shameless reminder of our esthetic past. Illustrated, gorgeously.

THIS WAY SOUTHWARD, by A. F. Tschiffely. Illustrated. \$3.50. *Norton*. In 1925-28 the author rode horseback from Buenos Aires to Washington, D. C., and wrote a book about his adventure which has become a classic, *Tschiffely's Ride*. This time he drove a Ford V-8 from Buenos Aires through Patagonia and Terra del Fuego. What makes Tschiffely immeasurably superior to the average writer on travel is that he does not make the average writer's idiotic assumption that the reader already knows a lot about the subject at hand. He assumes that the reader is coming to his book for information and for the thrill of making the same trip vicariously. So, he tells what kind of people the natives are, what they eat and how they prepare it, what games they play and how, what their height, weight, color, talents, morals, and dispositions are, what words they commonly use and what the words mean. He checks on local legend and history and gives you the benefit of his research. He explains that one of Magellan's diarists records that on the explorers' landing on the shores of the strait which now bears Magellan's name and seeing huge footprints on the sands, one of the party exclaimed, "*Que patagones!*" ("What big-footed people!"); hence the name, Patagonia. He does the compilers of dictionaries a service by explaining that the word *gaucho*, for which they give no derivation, is from the Indian word, *huacho*, meaning "orphan."

THE OPEN FORUM

"THERE ARE OUR YOUNG BARBARIANS —"

SIR: It is a source of amusement to me to read in many journals that the bright and shining legions of youth are impatiently longing to carve out a new and cleaner order of things for this bad old world. Youth actually is not concerned about the future of the Republic. As a member of the younger generation, I believe that our aims are low, our experience not worth much consideration, and, worst of all, our convictions on most of the great problems of life much more shallow than is generally realized. Our perplexities — those of us who have jobs — are not so terrible, either. The young man or woman who has no job is faced with a cruel dilemma. But even with the immense unemployment, the majority of us have positions that allow a minimum standard of living, which usually even permits marriage if we don't mind the dollar-a-month on this and that.

As for this supposed yearning to crusade, this hands-stretched-out-to-the-sky ideal, that's nothing more than the impression created by a few earnest young souls who write to magazines. Most of us don't give a tinker's dam about any problems but our own, and our own future doesn't worry us for more than a Saturday pay-night ahead. In fairness, an exception should be made of the Bohemian set — the pipe-smoking junior professor at the college, the public librarian, the bookstore owner's son, and several other kindred spirits. They want to "face life." But they are so different from us, so "arty" that they are hardly welcome in our society. Most of us would rather be able to entertain the crowd with an off-color story in an accepted suave manner than worry about Finland. Pondering this "ever-changing world," as the schoolmarms have it, bores us.

If we are not only cynical, but dumb as well, despite our educational advantages, what is the matter? The world has not handled all of us so roughly that our youthful ideals and ambitions have been cruelly blighted. We never had any particularly high ideals; we never have yearned to save the world: we always have thought only of ourselves (an ancient custom among men) and most of us, tacitly, if not openly, admit it. We are in truth educated barbarians. We never were earnestly and seriously taught moral conduct for its own sake. Supreme importance was attached to more practical, useful knowledge. Actual, not theoretical, honesty was relegated to the background. Examples of corruption in private lives, business and government gave us post-graduate experience. Even the churches, finding the going rough and attempting to please all and offend no one, did not brake our slide into materialism.

And here we are, the younger generation, living in a crumbling civilization, and damned if we give a damn. But watch out if things get worse and a majority of us are tossed out of jobs; there's nothing more dangerous, or less idealistic, than an educated barbarian.

PHILIP P. KERBY

*Pueblo,
Colorado.*



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

SIR: In answer to the question by James Ross of Manila, what Schickelgruber, the name of Hitler's father means, let me give the following explanation.

There might be a word *Schickel* in the Austrian language which I don't know, but it

sounds very much like *Scheckel*, a small coin of the Middle Ages in Austria and Germany, and might well be the same word. As to *Gruber*, let me say that a *Grube* is a hole in the ground, a pit, a grave. Martin Luther used it in this sense in translating the Bible. So one might say that a *Schickelgruber* was a man who dug a grave for a pittance, or a miser who was hoarding his shekels (Webster's definition: an old Jewish coin) in the ground.

And here is a German proverb which seems apposite: *Wer Andern eine Grube gräbt, fällt selbst hinein* — He who digs a pit for others, falls into it himself.

F. F. SCHEEL

South Lancaster,
Massachusetts.



MR. McNUTT'S ECONOMICS

SIR: May I take issue in your pages with some of the more egregious fallacies of Paul V. McNutt, published in your March issue?

Mr. McNutt refers to mistakes of the SEC and the NLRB and adds that it is doubtful if (in the case of the SEC) Mike Meehan, H. C. Hopson and Jesse Livermore, or (in that of the NLRB) Ernest Weir, Tom Girdler or Colonel McCormick would rectify these errors or administer the respective acts as disinterested regulatory bodies. This is specious argument *ad hominem*: for there has never been the faintest implication that a new national administration would deliver itself into the hands of its enemies by such appointments.

Mr. McNutt hails the distribution of the country's burdens "where it will work the least hardship" by means of income taxes as opposed to state taxation on property. A moment's reflection would convince even a politician that those who bear the brunt of the income tax are the property owners: that, in other words, they are doubly or triply penalized. Of course, no office-holder or aspirant to office dare admit the truism that the cost of government must be borne directly by all the people. Urbane Midwestern laughter greets the idea that government debt is analogous to individual debt. "We cannot," McNutt in-

tones, "borrow from ourselves more than we have." But "we" are not borrowing from "ourselves." The government is raising a forced loan which can be repaid — if at all — only by inflation: destruction of what we have.

Lower interest charges on Federal debt and a higher national income stir your eminent author to paeans. Why are these rates lower? Because the Government has driven capital into hiding. As for "higher" national income, may I point out that 1939's \$70,000,000,000 was worth less than 1932's \$66,000,000,000? Even Mr. McNutt must recall the 40% devaluation of our dollar. But he goes on to his high point: "When private investors were most cautious, Federal investments (his word, not mine) reached a peak." Well, that is not incomprehensible. Private investors must think of their own funds and those of others intrusted to them.

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN

Long Island City,
New York.



SELDES VS. SELDES

SIR: Among the most vocal defenders of the Soviet invasion of Finland is one George Seldes. Especially is he incensed against those who picture Stalin's Russia as cruel and bloody. In the Communist *New Masses* of January 23 he even lambasted "crooked cartoonists" who show Russia as "a cruel giant" or "a bear dripping blood."

May I use the Open Forum to direct Mr. Seldes' attention to his own past writings on Russia? Here is a sample from his book *You Can't Print That*, published in 1929. Writing about the USSR, he says:

Forceful feeding is resorted to in case of hunger strikes. 'Solitary' prisoners are awakened at two o'clock in the morning for ten minutes exercise in the dark. Prisoners attempting to look through windows are fired upon and one week recently three were shot through the head and killed. . . . All survivors tell of cases of insanity. Sanitary conditions even now cannot be described either in press or public speech.

Mr. Seldes, incidentally, has not been in Russia since he wrote these words. Was he lying then or is he lying now?

L. D. G.

New York City.

JOBS AND FOREIGN TRADE

SIR: Regarding the effects of international trading, now mostly the Reciprocal Trade Agreements, I have the following very unfavorable figures. Their sources, and even the methods of their computation, are available, but cannot be condensed into small space.

Full-time American jobs <i>lost</i> to Americans because of imports . . .	5,730,000
Full-time American jobs <i>won</i> for Americans by American exports	2,500,000

Deficit: Full-time American jobs lost to Americans in international trading	3,230,000
---	-----------

CLARENCE AUSTIN CASTLE
International Socio-Economist

Montvale,
New Jersey.

AMERICAN WRITING

SIR: Philip Rahv's article, "The Slump in American Writing," hits the mark, I think, pretty well. There is no longer any American writing widely circulated which issues from purely native emotion, the only source of any legitimate art. Writing has been rolled under by a mighty wave of commerce on the one hand and political and social theory on the other. Authors, so-called critics, and incompetent editors have betrayed alike art and the nation. As old Lord Fisher used to say every few days, in laconic letters to the London Times, "Sack the lot!"

Mr. Rahv is singularly mistaken, to my mind, in one or two respects. He says "even intelligent readers appear unable to discriminate between genuine literary art and that which is patently commercial and popular in character." Just you give those readers a chance, and see! Absolutely the only hope in

this or any other country, for either literature or decent government, is in the fine moral stuff and the extraordinary natural intelligence of the people. Again, Mr. Rahv seems to have a low opinion of "conservative British models" in poetry. It happens that what got into those models gave England her chief glory. If her imperialism were as noble as her poetry, her position would be much nearer to impregnability than it is at present. America has not a single socially important poet today.

EDWARD PRICE BELL

Gulfport,
Mississippi.

SIR: Philip Rahv may be "outstanding among the younger critics," but I want to ask you, where has he been for the past twenty years? In his article on American writing, in your February issue, he says about Dos Passos: "There can be no doubt that his trilogy, *USA*, is a far more mature and meaningful creation than any of his previous works . . . it certainly must be counted among the two or three solid fictional structures erected in the last decade." Just how many years does he think equal one decade? Dos Passos has been working on and publishing that trilogy since the year 1919, a little matter of twenty years, which cannot be lightly dismissed as "the last decade." Which brings me to the point of serious doubt whether Philip Rahv has ever read intelligently the books called *Manhattan Transfer*, *Three Soldiers*, 1919, *Forty-Second Parallel*, *Big Money*.

Mr. Rahv might be entirely correct about Steinbeck and Saroyan, but to compare these two in the same breath with Faulkner and Thomas Wolfe is downright silly. And to mention Frederick Prokosch, author of *The Seven Who Fled*, a literary craftsman if any ever existed, with the journalistic fumbling of Dreiser and the meanderings of Sherwood Anderson whose mantle has descended upon young, tricky Mister Saroyan, is a sacrilege which should not be permitted.

DONALD BACHART

Cleveland,
Ohio.

MADE IN GERMANY

SIR: Your February issue especially headlines Elizabeth Knaust, "formerly of the Nazi Propaganda Ministry." *Formerly?* Her story makes Germany out oh, so typically clever: "To Goebbels Stalin was a 'harmless fool' burdened with inhibitions . . ." If Dr. Goebbels is right, isn't it nice to know that Stalin has 'em — I hadn't even suspected it till now. "We were all astonished to see Stalin fall so easily for nearly all Goebbels' propaganda tricks." Was the lady equally astonished when the *MERCURY* fell for her story — or did it? And if you *are* laughing up the editorial sleeve, how about a chuckle or two from your readers?

Might it be that even Stalin — inhibited or no — has some laughs that are "made in Germany?"

S. C. HULSE

Bedford,
Pennsylvania.



GRAFT IN CHICAGO

SIR: The thanks of all good citizens of Chicago (and I write as one who lived there for years) are due you for the courageous article by Ted Leitzell in the February *MERCURY*, telling the truth about the corruption in the association between the municipal political machine headed by Pat Nash, and the gamblers. The article is fearless and compelling. Every citizen of Chicago should have a copy. When we remember how the citizens thanked God when they threw Bill Thompson out and replaced him with Tony Cermak, it is almost cruel to realize to what depths the town has fallen under the present Nash gang. And the worst feature of all is the corruption of the public school system.

The author does well to mention the forceful stand taken by one newspaper — one only — the *Daily News*. The job done by Frank Knox and Paul Mowrer is all the more to their credit when you realize the strong business and social influences that the Nash gang brings to bear; likewise the association

the Democrats have with the so-called Republican machinery.

But once in a while the gang makes a mistake. They did so with Frank Murphy, the Attorney General. They couldn't stop the prosecution of Moe Annenberg. And Moe is perspiring freely, what with the trial in the offing. If he pleads guilty it will save embarrassment in many a conspicuous Chicago citadel of respectability. If the trial goes on and the government brings into the picture the true connection of the gambling gang with the race track gang, Moe will have to tell everything in an effort to save himself. And that certainly is going to make an interesting story.

HOMER GUCK

*Eagle Harbor,
Michigan.*



THE WEAPON OF WORDS

SIR: What would you say if somebody told you that humanity's latest affliction could be stopped by means of exactly three words? You would probably direct him to the nearest asylum. But is it not a fact that words sometimes do possess an almost inconceivable power? Mustard gas burns only the skin. But words of merciless ridicule and withering contempt can blister a man's very soul.

The three magical words, which may save millions of human lives, are "The Asinine War." Let everybody use this name, and only this name, when speaking of the disastrous and hopeless war into which an ass has plunged his unfortunate country. Human beings are so strangely made that they do not mind following a monster, but they draw the line at following an ass. When the whisper goes around among the unfortunate ass-worshippers of Germany, that their idolized leader has long ears; that no one calls him anything but an *Esel*; and that his ridiculous crusade is universally known as *Der Esel-kampf* then utter shame will paralyze their efforts, and they will sue for peace.

BARUKH JONAS

*Fort Myers,
Florida.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN is the well known foreign correspondent, at present stationed in Paris for the *Christian Science Monitor*. He is the author of such books as *Japan Over Asia*, *Collectivism: a False Utopia*, *Russia's Iron Age*. His autobiography, under the title *Confessions of an Individualist*, will be published soon. JONATHAN DANIELS, editor of the Raleigh, North Carolina, *News and Observer*, is the author of the best-seller *A Southerner Discovers the South*; a companion volume, *A Southerner Discovers New England*, will be issued soon by Macmillan. He is the son of Josephus Daniels, Ambassador to Mexico. EZRA GOODMAN, a native New Yorker, is preparing his first volume of poetry for publication. STEWART H. HOLBROOK is a frequent contributor to these pages. His latest book is *Iron Brew*, the story of the steel industry. DOROTHY MILLER, the wife of a physician, was for six years a laboratory technician at Harvard Medical School, and has had articles in scientific journals. MICHEL MOK, born and raised in the Netherlands, has been a newspaperman in America for nearly twenty years — seven of them, until recently, on the New York *Post*. He is at present general press representative of the Billy Rose Enterprises. MIECZYSLAW M. NOWINSKI was for many years the Warsaw correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* and later the INS. LOUISE OWEN lives in Concord, New Hampshire. LOUIS J. SANKER lives in Norwood, Ohio. MARGARET SEARLE, after graduating from Vassar, worked in a publishing house and wrote popular fiction and articles; later she became a court stenographer in Illinois, where her father had been a judge. HERBERT SOLOW has written a number of articles for THE AMERICAN MERCURY in recent months. BENJAMIN STOLBERG, who is well known for his pungent biographical studies, is the author of *The Economic Consequences of the New Deal* and the more recent *Story of the CIO*. ANTHONY M. TURANO has been a frequent contributor to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. He is a lawyer by profession. JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN produced *Men in White* with the Group Theatre and also put on plays for the Federal Theatre Project. He is the author of *Other Side of the Mountain*, a book on South America. RENA M. VALE is a California newspaper woman who was for a time an active member of the Communist Party. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, the distinguished author and editor, recently published a book on the American military picture under the title *Our Military Chaos*. Mr. Villard was editor of the *Nation* from 1918 to 1932. DON WHARTON was formerly executive editor of *Scribner's Magazine* and was the editor of *Roosevelt Omnibus*.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INDEX TO VOLUME XLIX

Abbe, George: Black Lake	361	Hauser, Ernest O.: The Fabulous Sassoons	60
Allison, H. M.: Village Moderator	298	Hillier, Robert Philip: Sea Judg- ment	41
Americana	100, 235, 352, 485	Holbrook, Stewart H.: Western Males Are Sissies	90
Anonymous: Utopia on Fifth Avenue	75	Kit Carson	470
Beard, Eva: Midsummer Night	230	Hyland, Tom S.: No More West Indies!	326
Biggs, Wallace R.: A Man Is Hanged	37	Index	507
Biller, Matthew: The Comstock Lode	359	Kauffman, Reginald Wright: Tin- type of a Screwball	294
Bledsoe, William: Revolution Came to Hollywood	152	Keith-Johnston, Colin: Sonnet Pa- gan	242
Brown, David: The Santa Claus Industry	26	Kemp, Harry: To Pilate — Modern Answer	461
Bynner, Witter: Bell-Wethers	209	Kinney, William M., M.D.: It's Not Natural to be Healthy	83
Chamberlin, William Henry: Credo of an Individualist	462	Knaust, Elizabeth: Goebbels Framed the Hitler-Stalin Pact	135
Check List	v, 243, 260, 499	Lehman, Ernest: The Santa Claus Industry	26
Clarke, Phebe Ann: The Forest	52	Leitzell, Ted: Chicago, City of Cor- ruption	143
Close, Upton: 1930-1940, Decade of Deceit	18	Lockwood, Arthur: Press Agent Tells All	173
Contributors	128, 251, 379, 506	Lunacy Marches On!	469
Cook, Whitfield: "Be Sure to Listen In!"	314	Lunacy: Right and Left	51
Cooper, Alfred Duff: Neville Cham- berlain: A Candid Portrait	11	Lundberg, Ferdinand: Menace of the Uninsured Motorist	299
Men Who Rule Britain	161	Lyons, Eugene: Lament for Ham- and-Eggs	95
Corey, Herbert: Great God Mc- Nutt	30	Fellow Traveler, What Now?	231
Daniels, Jonathan: Portrait of a Yankee Town	440	Mrs. Roosevelt's Youth Congress	481
Devoe, Alan: Life and Death of an Oyster	103	Manchester, Harland: Jane Toppan, Champion Poisoner	340
The Unimportance of Man	237	Martin, Lawrence: Life Among the Escapists	204
Frozen Sleep Among the Animals	355	McNutt, Paul V.: If the Republicans Win	263
Intestinal Parasites	487	Miller, Dorothy: What Are the Brain Waves Saying?	421
Dresbach, Glenn Ward: Mangoes	241	Mok, Michel: Broadway Goes Slap- stick	456
Eldridge, Paul: Bing Li Discovers	490	Nowinski, Mieczyslaw M.: Behind Poland's Defeat	400
Farber, Diane: If	180		
Farbstein, W. E.: World of To- morrow	480		
Finney, Ruth: Our Economic Civil War	273		
Fletcher, John Gould: Deer Dance	107		
Frauman, S. Blessing: Liquid Moon	455		
George, David Robinson: Mail-Or- der Matrimony	53		
Goodman, Ezra: Trust Not	492		

Open Forum	118, 246, 372, 502	Sternberg, Fritz: German Admirals Expect Defeat	42
Owen, Louise: Words	491	Siegfried Line <i>vs.</i> Maginot Line	286
Padover, S. K.: We Invited Our Aliens	322	Stolberg, Benjamin: Lewis Fights Labor Peace	347
Parker, Carlton: The Bunk in Classical Scholarship	334	Cordell Hull: The Vanishing American	391
Pratt, Theodore: El Sunkist Florida	280	Stuart, Jesse: Archie Th' Oddlin', <i>A Story</i>	68
Prommel, Anna Katherine: I Know a Road	108	Eternal Destiny	201
Quinn, John Robert: Unfailing Port- rait	217	Taylor, Frank J.: The Northwest, Our Promised Land	168
Rahv, Philip: The Slump in American Writing	185	Thomas, Keith: In Cloud This History	107
Rascoe, Burton: Havelock Ellis and the Sex Conscious Era	109	Turano, Anthony M.: Common-Law Wives	405
Mencken, Nathan and Cabell	362	Ullman, James Ramsey: The Creative Urge, <i>A Story</i>	450
Caldwell Lynch: Two Negroes	493	Ulrich, Dorothy Livingston: Epitaph	411
Ray, Louise: Crenshaw: Autobiography	319	Vale, Rena M.: Stalin Over California	412
Recorded Music	x, 254, 382, 510	Vandenberg, Sen. Arthur H.: The New Deal Must be Salvaged	1
Ross, David: Go Dark Year: 1939	25	Villard, Oswald Garrison: Investigate the Army!	427
Ryan, William G.: Air Raids Are Over-Rated	218	Wallace, Irving: Monarchy Under the American Flag	181
Sanker, Louis J.: Airplane at Sunset	491	Weidman, Jerome: Shoe-Shine, <i>A Story</i>	210
Searle, Margaret: I am a Court Steno- grapher	435	Wells, Anna Mary: Mrs. Brigham Young	194
Sondern, Frederic, Jr.: Mussolini Grows Old	307	Wharton, Don: The Federal Food- Stamp Plan	474
Solow, Herbert: What Are the Brain Waves Saying?	421		
Sparling, Earl: Uncle Sam, Radio Propagandist	225		
Starbird, Kaye: Heart for Transients	241		





25¢

for any one of these absorbing books

exciting books in a hand-
some library case \$1

CURY BOOKS are selected from thousands published for their pace, excitement, and merit. Large editions and high-speed mass production cost down to a minimum. Authors and publishers co-operate by accepting Word-of-mouth advertising does the selling. Result: a stirring book at the low price of only 25¢. The supply of these is limited. You may order one copy at 25¢ — 23 for \$5.75, but mail the coupon today.

K — Wil-
m March. An unfor-
gettable collection of per-
periences woven
a single, powerful,
nt, moving drama
Great War.

Like Us — Ed-
rd Anderson. The
packed novel of a
ve from justice and
rli who chanced death
him through days and
of haunting terror.

eping Is for
n — Donald Bur-
ey. What an illicit
r did to the plans
time.

mond Jim Brady
arker Morell. The
t, scandalous, fasci-
g life of the fabulous
oy.

ot Saturday — With
ring delicacy Har-
on probes the
problem of woman-

iss-Cross — Don
ey. A fast-moving
of love, intrigue and
r.

General — C. S.
r. A vitriolic nov-

el of romantic bravery —
and at the same time an
inside story of war.

11 Mantrap — Sinclair
Lewis. The story of a
little firebrand manicurist
who finds life with her
trapper husband unbearable.

12 I Cover the Water-
front — Max Miller's
famous book containing
his wise, witty, macabre
tales of the Frisco docks.

13 To the Vanquished
— I. A. R. Wyllie.
An extraordinary chronicle
of young love during the
rise of Hitler.

14 Death in the Deep
South — Ward Greene.
The exciting story of mob
passion, violence, and
under-cover politics in a
mysterious murder case.

15 Indelible — Elliot H.
Paul. A stirring novel
about a young musician's
passion for a girl violinist.

16 Once Too Often —
Whitman Chambers.
A fast-moving story of a
successful lady columnist
who traded once too often
on her fascinating beauty.

17 The Prodigal Par-
ents — Sinclair Lewis.
A story of the problems
of modern parenthood.

18 The Loving Spirit —
Daphne Du Maurier,
author of "Rebecca." A
stirring novel of the men
and women of one family
who loved and hated
fiercely but found peace in
each other.

19 East Wind: West
Wind — Pearl S. Buck.
This poignant novel by the
author of "The Good
Earth" tells a fascinating
story of conflict between
the old and new China.

21 The Missing Minia-
ture — Erich Kastner.
A rare combination of joy-
ous comedy and wildly
exciting mystery. "An abso-

lutely enchanting book."
— William Lyon Phelps.

22 County Court — Roy
Flannagan. A fine, lusty
novel of a small town in
which a murder trial throws
into sudden highlight all its
shadowed secrets.

23 The Devil in Satin —
Dornford Yates. An ex-
citing, pungent story of an
unscrupulous woman and
an unsuspecting man.

24 Divide by Two —
Mildred Gilman. A
moving narrative about a
child of modern divorced
parents who tries with start-
ling results to arrange his
life to his liking.

25 The Light That Fall-
ed — Rudyard Kipling.
The crowning achievement
of one of the world's most
beloved writers.

NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

26 Never in Vain — J. L. Hardy, author of "Every-
thing Is Thunder." The fierce and passionate
novel of a man who was born a killer, of one woman
who tamed him, and of another who again released
the tides of violence.

READY APRIL 5

27 The Dutch Shoe Mystery — Ellery Queen. A
thrilling story of murder in a modern hospital
— in the sparkling Ellery Queen manner.

MERCURY BOOKS, Dept. M440
570 Lexington Avenue, New York

Please send me the books whose numbers I have
encircled below. I enclose \$..... in full pay-
ment (at 25¢ per copy) — no additional charge for
postage. It is understood that I may return these
books at any time within five days for full refund of the
purchase price.

4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
16 17 18 19 21 22 23 24 25 26 27

Name

Address

City and State

This offer good only in United States and possessions

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you have read some or all of these books,
are not entirely satisfied, simply return them
within five days and we will promptly refund your
money. Order now while the supply lasts. All 23
books — any 4 books \$1.00. Single copies 25¢ each.
A group of four books will be packed in a hand-
some library case.

MERCURY BOOKS, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.



**Listen to the
fascinating "Adven-
tures of Ellery
Queen" on the Co-
lumbia Broadcasting
System, Sunday
nights.**



**Then read the
most daring, and the
most exciting of
the "Adventures of
Ellery Queen" in the
Bestseller Library
edition at 25c. Now
on sale at all good
newsstands.**



Debussy — Three Nocturnes for Orchestra (Victor Album 630, \$6.50). A battle between the recordists and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski, in which the woodwinds, marshalled by an overpowering English horn, alone are victors. Debussy is badly wounded; and the phonograph still lacks a good edition of the *Fêtes*, *Nuages* and *Sirènes*.

Tschaikowsky — Capriccio Italien, Op. 45 (Victor Album 632, \$3.50). A chromo Venezia e Napoli, viewed from the Nevsky Prospekt. Melodic and blatant music in expert performance by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra, recorded with striking fidelity.

Tschaikowsky — Suite from the Nutcracker Ballet (Columbia Album M-395, \$5.00). Direction, playing and reproduction controlled with a most insinuating lack of discipline make this the most cheerfully charming recorded *Nutcrackers*. Only a slight excessive echo precludes the placement of this album by Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in the first rank of recorded orchestral recordings.

Mozart — Symphony No. 40, in G Minor, K. 550 (Victor Album 631, \$6.50). The recording room has made the tone of the superb NBC Orchestra so disagreeably shallow here that neither Mr. Toscanini's excellent preparation of his choirs nor his breakneck dash through the great feverish G Minor Symphony matters. Fortunately there is a good recording of the work by Sir Thorntree Beecham, the best of living Mozart conductors, in Columbia Album M-316.

Wagner — Tannhauser: Prelude to Act I (Columbia 69793, \$1.50); *Tristan und Isolde*

Life to Act III (Columbia 69805, \$1.50).
 fine recordings of the Paris Conservatory
 hestra directed by Felix Weingartner,
 suggest that the great classic conductor
 careful and very unexciting Wagnerian.

ner—Three Famous Scenes (Victor
 m 644, \$10.00). A vocally creditable
 isolation from *Goetterdaemmerung*, with
 ten Flagstad as Bruennhilde; the *Liebestod*
 a *Tristan und Isolde* sung by the same
 ano with occasional splendor; and about
 the Love Music (beginning with *O sink'*
 er and cut in places thereafter), with
 stad and Lauritz Melchior, whose tenor
 tone carries the part of Tristan favorably.
 imid and lame, albeit warm-toned, ac-
 paniment is provided by the San Fran-
 o Opera Orchestra conducted by Edwin
 Arthur.

son—Quartet No. 2, in G, Op. 18, No.
 Victor Album 622, \$4.00). Beethoven's
 test work in the form is well adapted to
 ther disdainful classicism of the Coolidge
 artet. It is sincerely hoped that in the in-
 tely more powerful works from No. 6
 ord, these performers will adapt them-
 es to Beethoven. The present album is the
 's best, the finest version of the work
 s, and the least expensive, thanks to a
 siderate preparation that placed the music
 on seven ten-inch surfaces.

ky—Eight Songs (Victor Album
 , \$6.50). The dire *Songs and Dances of*
yth (in this album with four other songs)
 e long been awaited in a decent version.
 ey are sung here, in Russian, by a baritone
 exceptional tonal richness, Igor Gorin, with
 ing and commendable avoidance of
 wayward histrionics almost always in-
 ted upon them. A valuable set that would
 e been better with a less subdued piano
 niment.

g Recital by Roland Hayes (Columbia
 um M-393, \$5.50). The tenor is definitely
 at his best, and only the first record (No.
 174: Monteverdi, Galuppi, Bononcini) of
 s miscellany can be recommended.

C. G. B.

The Handiest Pocket Knife Ever Designed!

• Neat, handy, useful and durable. Stainless steel frame. Blade of finest razor steel, chromium plated.

SMART . . . PRACTICAL

Graceful design, light weight; fine enough to wear on your silver, gold or platinum chain.

THREE BLADES IN ONE

Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths . . . really three blades in one.



GUARANTEED TO PLEASE

At your dealer's . . . or sent post-paid for \$1.00. Use the coupon below. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Plaza Merchandise Co., 130 East 51st St., New York

Enclosed is \$1.00 for a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied I may return it and my \$1.00 will be refunded. This offer good in U. S. A. only. AM 440

Name.....

Address.....

TEST THIN-FLEX BLADES at our expense!

If you don't agree that these THIN-FLEX Blades give you a better shave than you ever had before — they cost you nothing.

50 THIN-FLEX Blades \$1.00
 (double-edge) for only

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Try 3 blades upon receipt of your order and if you don't think they are the finest blades you ever used, return the others and we will refund your dollar in full.

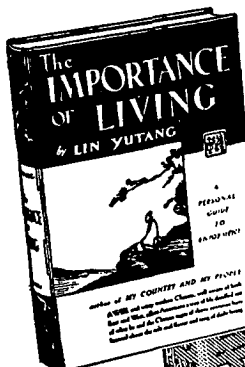
PLAZA MERCHANDISE CO.

130 East 51st Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me 50 THIN-FLEX Blades for which I enclose \$1.00. If I am not delighted I will return 47 and you will refund my dollar in full.

Name.....

Address..... M 4-40



Originally
up to
\$15.00

SAVE up to 80%

on these **BEST SELLER**
now only 69¢ to \$2.

GRAND bargains. BRAND NEW, custom editions, complete and unabridged, b printed and bound, many illustrated. All full brary size. Check this list now and order on cou below.

191 HAVELOCK ELLIS ON LIFE AND SEX. One the earliest and most distinguished writers in field now discusses facts and problems of interest to men and women, frankly and simply. Originally \$3.. Now only \$1.00.

419 MUSIC LOVERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. edited Deems Taylor. Everything you want to know music — operas, symphonies, composers, musical ter and instruments, radio music, phonograph records, e 15,000 entries. 900 pages. Originally \$5.00. Now only \$1.5

B309 THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING, Lin Yutang. A widely traveled, widely read man with the gentle wisdom of an ancient race and the practical outlook of a modern man discusses your favorite topic: love, marriage, business, eating, smoking, the home and hundreds of other things so close to us all. Over 300,000 copies sold! Get this personal guide to the enjoyment of life, now — at less-than-half-price — for a limited time only. **Now \$1.39.**

128 ROGET'S THESAURUS: In Dictionary Form, C. O. Sylvester Mawson. For students, teachers, business men, writers, speakers. This standard book of synonyms and antonyms is arranged in a new patented dictionary form that makes it as easy to use as a dictionary. Now for the first time at this low price. Originally \$3.50. New clothbound edition. **Only \$1.00.**

318A Thumb-indexed edition — for quickest reference. Bound in heavy buckram. This De Luxe edition. **Only \$1.98.**

B36 THE HIDDEN LINCOLN, Emanuel Hertz. Frank and human appraisal of America's best-loved President, taken from many unpublished letters of William H. Herndon, Lincoln's friend and law partner. Illustrated. Originally \$5.00. Now \$1.00.

500 FUNK & WAGNALLS STANDARD UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY. A new ready-reference dictionary, fully up to date, authoritative, designed to give the spelling, pronunciation, meaning and etymology of about 83,000 English words and phrases. Appendix of useful information. Bound in heavy buckram. 1,200 illustrations. An invaluable dictionary for home, office or school use. **Only \$1.79.**

500A Thumb-indexed edition — for quickest reference. De Luxe edition is well worth the small added cost. **Only \$2.19.**

B49 DRY GUILLOTINE, Rene Belbenoit. An unforgettable story of fifteen years among the living dead on Devil's Island. Illustrated by a prisoner whose primitive lines have caught the horror and repulsion of life in this dreaded French penal colony. Originally \$3.00. Now only \$1.00.

20 STORY OF PHILOSOPHY, Will Durant. America's most famous modern book — the epoch-making history of humans as great thinkers, from Socrates to Dewey. Originally \$5.00. Now \$1.00.

508 NINE PLAYS, Eugene O'Neill. A magnificent volume containing nine of the greatest plays ever written by America's most famous playwright and winner of the Nobel Prize. Contains: *The Emperor Jones, The Hairy Ape, All God's Children Got Wings, Desire Under the Elms, Marco Millions, The Great God Brown, Lazarus Laughed, Strange Interlude, and Mourning Becomes Electra.* Originally \$5.00. Now only \$1.98.

B81 DECAMERON OF CACCIO. 100 famous each turning on a fine point of lov Complete and unexpurgated. St. Savage illustrations. Original \$6.00. Now only \$1.00.

485A REBECCA, Daphne Maurier. Spect motion-picture edition of the complete novel — the great best-s about which the critics of two continents raved. Contains 16 sc from the pictures and three f, smile autographs of the author stars. Originally \$2.75. Paper-edition. **Sensationally low price 69¢.**

485 Same, cloth-bound Library Edition, \$1.39.

B192 DAMON RUNYON NIBUS. Three volumes one. Nearly 1,000 pages of guys' dolls, thugs, mugs and killers. Includes *Little Miss Princess O'Hara* and the short nov *Money From Home.* Ori. \$6.00. Now only \$1.00.

SEND NO MONEY—Pay Nothing to the Po- EXAMINE as many as you wish 5 Days FRE

AMERICAN MERCURY
570 Lexington Ave., New York City

Please send me the books whose numbers I have encircled below. I will pay postman your special advertised price (plus few cen actual government C.O.D. charge). It is distinctly understood th — if I am not convinced these are the greatest book values I saw — I may return books within 5 days for refund of purch B309 128 318A 191 B36 500 500A B49 20 508 B 485A 485 419 B192

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ **POSTAGE FREE** — Check here if you wish to save governme C.O.D. charge by enclosing with coupon full amount of your orde Same refund guarantee applies, of course.

TREE.

not one, but both these books!

SHANGHAI '37

By Vicki Baum

ued from other side)

month its 20,000 members receive—at an saving—not one, but TWO books. One is -the-minute best seller everyone is reading. r is a uniformly-bound work to add to your of the world's book treasures, to be read at ure.

ie a "double-value" like this! For only a of the usual cost, you keep up with modern y best-selling authors like Sinclair Lewis, Fee, Vicki Baum, Somerset Maugham, Edna And at the same time you build a uniform- library you and your children will always undying works like *The Way of All Flesh*, *Bovary*, *Nana*, and countless others.

hing DOUBLE But the Modest Cost!

ceive TWO books as a GIFT if, after 5 ee examination of these books—you then o join the BOOK LEAGUE! And then, as r, you receive a double-selection of great ch month. Yet you pay actually less than what you would ordinarily pay for these s. Only \$1.39—not for each, but for BOTH

t is all possible because our 20,000 mem- ad to receive such bargains) provide us ASSURED sale—saving us the waste of time and of left-over copies. Likewise, authors (assured of quantity sale) accept valities. And publishers lend us their plates ee editions, thus saving us the heavy ex- type-setting and plating.

NO MONEY!

DAYS FREE EXAMINATION

Shanghai '37 and Wuthering Heights as membership gift now. We want you to r yourself. Read them for 5 days. If they onstrate to you that you will enjoy Book membership—keep them without cost; your hip will start with next month's selec- not—return them libout obligation. ve have only a supply to fill re- from this an- ent. The postcard g your copies by ail. To see for how "America's Bargain Book rings you big on the modern u want to read- , at the same also builds for beautiful library world's greatest ges—mail this AT ONCE (no required), BOOK OF AMERICA, .M. 4, 15 West .t., New York

This Card Today

vo FREE books yours immedi- bon receipt of at right—sub- your approval, se. The Post will accept this Vo stamp is

FREE—this exciting new novel NOW selling everywhere at \$2.75! A thrilling story, with bombs raining destruction. At Hotel Shanghai are nine people whose lives become tangled together: two young people in love; a wealthy Chinese merchant and his radical son; a German-Jewish refugee doctor; a glamorous Russian adventuress and her dissipated English husband; a sinister Japanese journalist-spy; a poor coolie opium addict.

"The best of Vicki Baum's books—better even than 'Grand Hotel'."—N. Y. Times. "Full of action . . . an exciting, melodramatic book."—Book-of-the-Month Club News.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

By Emily Bronte

FREE—the book from which surged one of the most powerful moving pictures of our time! Now you can wander again across the wild moors. Revel in the love scenes between fierce Heath-cliff and spirited Cathy. Bury yourself for hours in the rugged, savage English northlands. Feel the rush of the unbridled passions that swept through Wuthering Heights like a furious gale.

How You Save \$2.50 Every Month:

1—As a Membership Gift you receive—entirely FREE—these TWO books: Shanghai '37 and Wuthering Heights. Then, as a member, you receive two fine books each month—ONLY \$1.39 for BOTH! Here are the kind you get:

2—ONE will be a newly-published book by today's biggest-selling authors like Sinclair Lewis, Edna Ferber, and Somerset Maugham. These are priced (wherever books are sold) at \$2.50 to \$4.00 each.

3—THE OTHER BOOK will be a uniformly-bound masterpiece for your lifetime library by such authors as Dumas, Voltaire, Oscar Wilde, and Victor Hugo.

Thus you get—for ONLY \$1.39—TWO books valued at \$4.00. Your savings average about \$2.50 each month. And you get two books, FREE, at the start, as a Membership Gift.

FREE WUTHERING HEIGHTS and SHANGHAI '37

BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. A. M. 4,
15 West 48th Street, New York City

Please send me—FREE—WUTHERING HEIGHTS and SHANGHAI '37 (a new book selling everywhere at \$2.75). Within 5 days I may return them if I care to—and thus cancel this membership application.

Otherwise, I will receive next month's double-selection and each of the forthcoming monthly double-selections for a year. I will pay only \$1.39 (plus few cents postage) each month for BOTH books.

NAME

ADDRESS

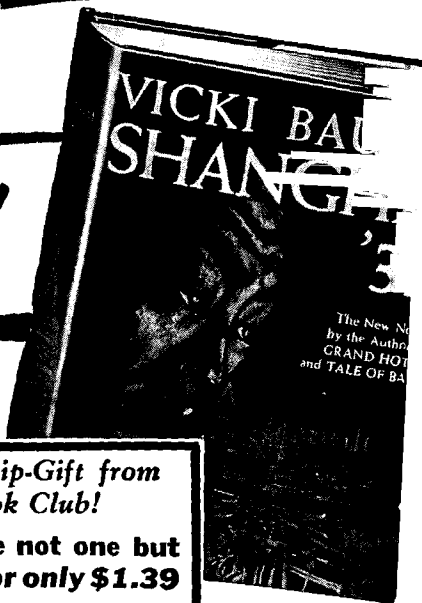
PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE...not one, but BOTH these &



and



**Accept them Free as a Membership-Gift from
America's Biggest Bargain Book Club!**

**And then every month you receive not one but
two great books like these — both for only \$1.39**

A CCEPT these TWO books FREE! Vicki Baum's great new *Shanghai '37*—now selling ev
where for \$2.75 and hailed as even finer than her "Grand Hotel". AND that famous ma
piece, *Wuthering Heights*, by Emily Bronte. Here is why you can get BOTH FREE:—
These two books will be sent to you as a FREE Membership Gift—to show you why the I
League of America is called "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club!" (Continued on other s

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 174
SEC. 510 P. L. & R.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

No Postage Stamp Needed If Mailed in United States

**4c POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY
BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA**

15 WEST 48TH STREET

NEW YORK, N. Y.

USE T
CONVE
POST C

NO ST.
NEED

YOUR F
OFFICE
ACCEP

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED